START

Microfilmed 1992

State Library of Florida
Tallahassee, Florida

as part of the
SOLINET/ASERL Cooperative
Preservation Microfilming Project

Funded in part by
the National Endowment for the Humanities

Reproductions may not be made without permission from
the State Library of Florida

COPYRIGHT STATEMENT

The copyright law of the United States - Title 17, United States Code - concerns the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material.

Under certain conditions specified in the law, libraries and archives are authorized to furnish a photocopy or other reproduction. One of these specified conditions is that the photocopy or other reproduction is not to be "used for any purpose other than private study, scholarship, or research." If a user makes a request for, or later uses, a photocopy or reproduction for purposes in excess of "fair use," that user may be liable for copyright infringement.

This institution reserves the right to refuse to accept a copy order if, in its judgement, fulfillment of the order would involve violation of the copyright law.

SOL
MN01657.01
FBA

Peeples, Harry A.

Twenty-four years in the

Tampa, Fla.: Tribune

1906

Bibliographic Record Target

SOL MN0/657.01 FBA

OLUC do peep.par,a Page 1 of 2
HELD BY FBA - 11 OTHER HOLDINGS
OCLC: 1700600 Rec stat: n
Entered: 19791014 Replacem: 19900419 Used: 19900329
Type: a Bib lvl: m Source: d Lang: eng
Repr: Enc lvl: I Conf pub: 0 Ctry: flu
Indx: 0 Mod rec: Govt pub: Cont
Desc: Int lvl: Festschr: 0 Illus: a
F/B: Dat tr: s Dates: 1906,

1 040 DLM c DLM
2 092 Fla 917.59 b F374t
3 092 b
4 049 FBAA
5 100 1 Peeples, Harry A
6 245 10 Twenty-four years in the woods, on the waters and in the cities of Florida. c With original illustrations by A. St. Clair Jones
7 260 Tampa, Fla., c Tribune Printing Co., c 1906.
8 300 174 p. b illus.
9 651 0 Florida x Wit and humor.
10 651 0 Florida x Anecdotes, facetiae, satire, etc

Technical Microfilm Data
Microfilmed by
University Microfilms, International
Ann Arbor, MI

on behalf of
SOLINET/ASERL
Atlanta, GA

Film Size: 35mm Microfilm

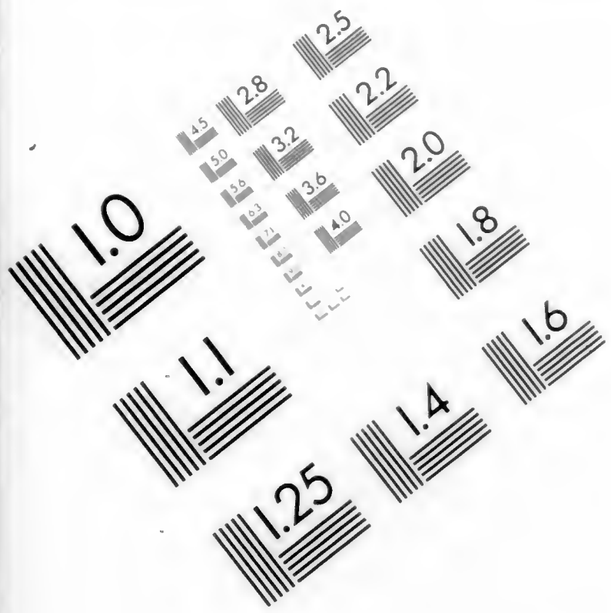
Reduction Ratio: 12 X

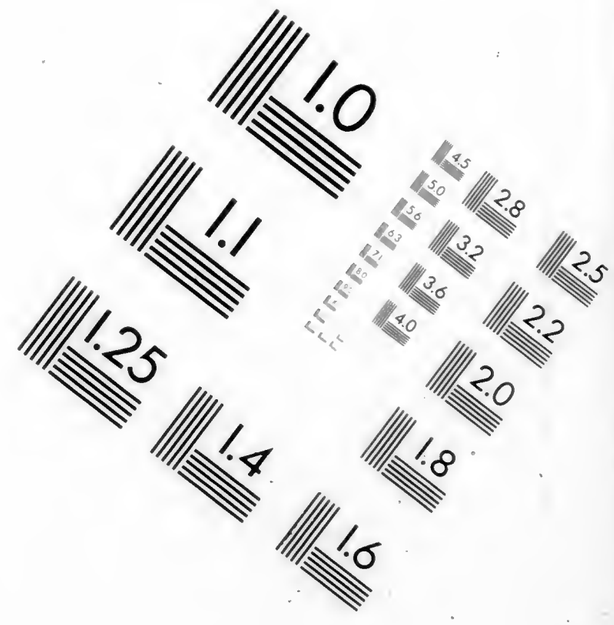
Image Placement: IA (IIA) IB IIB

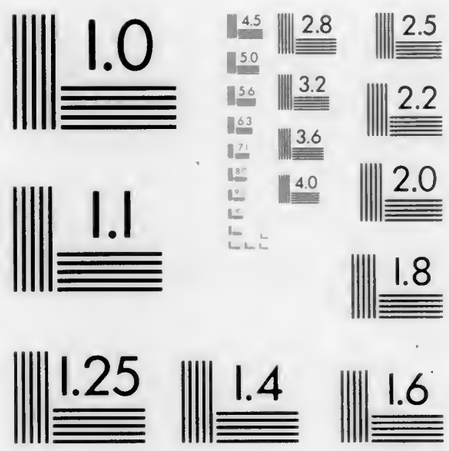
Date Filming Began: 4/8/92

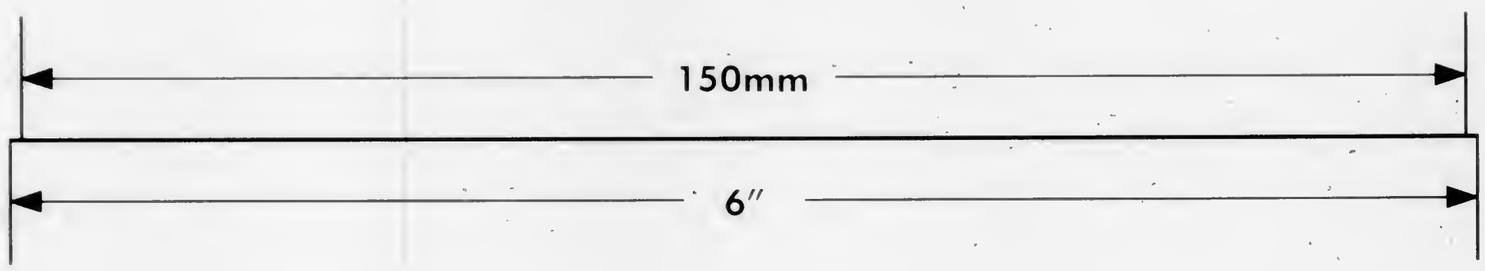
Camera Operator: K.P.

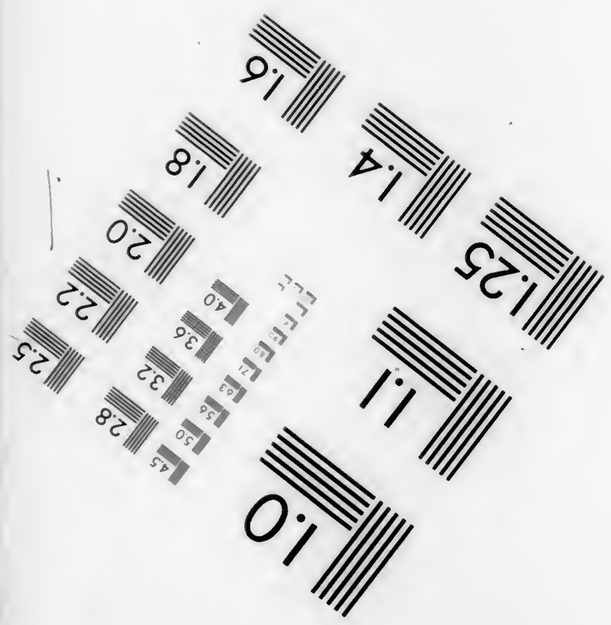
IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)

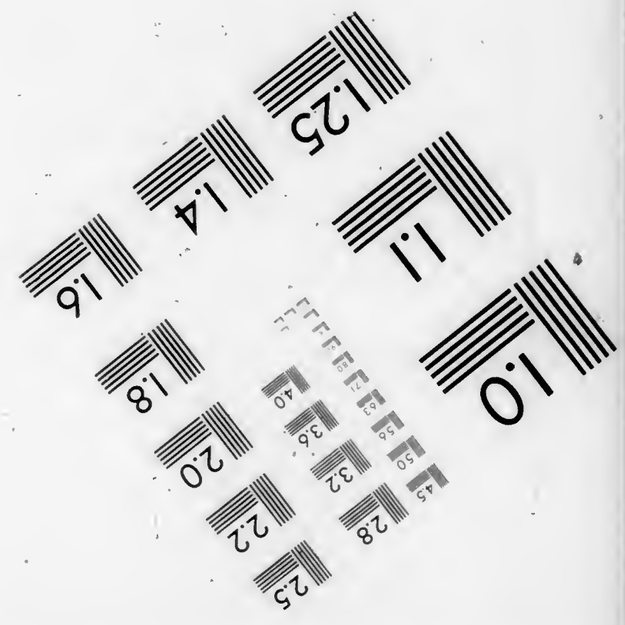






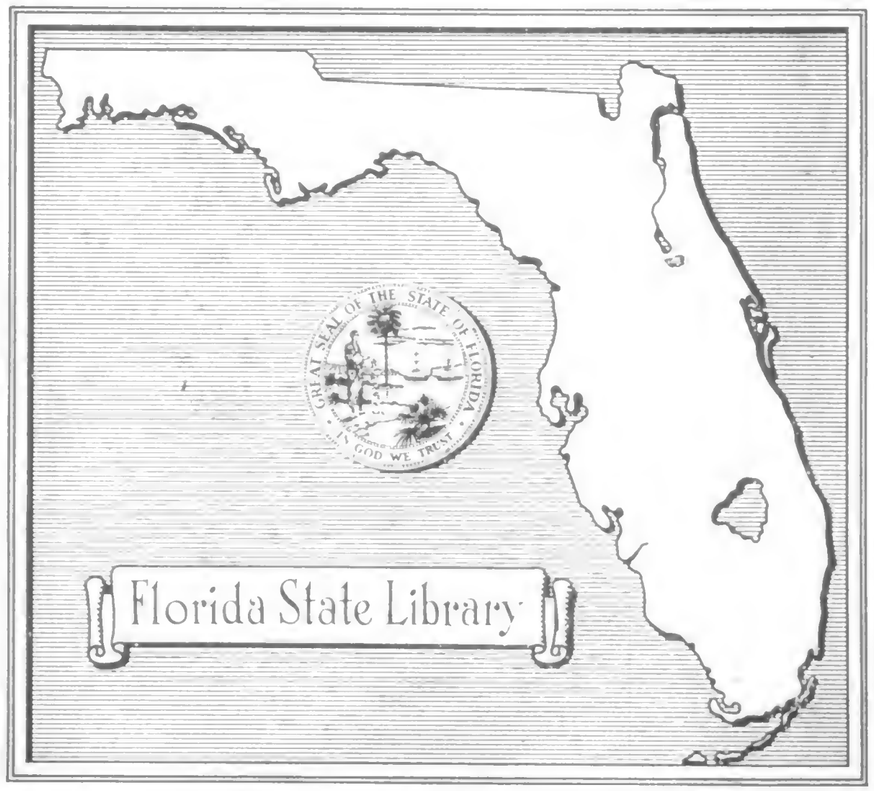






APPLIED IMAGE
1653 E. MAIN STREET
ROCHESTER, NY 14609
TEL (716) 482-0300
FAX (716) 288-5989

Precision IMAGE Products & Services


GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA
IN GOD WE TRUST
Florida State Library

Twenty-Four Years

In the Woods, On the Waters and In the Cities of Florida.

By Harry A. Peeples.

With Original Illustrations by A. St. Clair Jones.

Tampa, Florida:
TRIBUNE PRINTING CO.
1906.

FLORIDA STATE LIBRARY

F917.59
P374

Los-Angeles-Dellquest
8-31
.75

2444

PREFACE.

In dotting down the few little incidents appearing on the following pages, I will endeavor to give facts, with names, times and places, just as correctly as the memory of man will permit. That will be consistent with my spending the evening of life peaceably, and with whole bones in my adopted State—Florida.

"Truth is mighty and will prevail."

And I mean to tell the truth regardless of any settlement in the future.

Some pessimistic critics will say that the little book is just too foolish to read, while more knowing and optimistic ones will say it is the essence of truth.

Of course, some men never saw anything outside of a poker-room or barroom, and live during the day on mixed liquors and at night on Dr. King's New Discovery, and who were never on a camp hunt or a cattle round up, and would not know a jaybird from a pole cat if they met it in the open road.

I expect those people to criticise the little book, the incidents of which were mostly gained under the open canopy of heaven, and in the open, fresh air of Florida, and in the company of true, brave, honest souls.

But I am proud to say that others, who have led the pure life of the woods and water, will say that the half of a Florida

2444

life has not been told, and will charitably apply the following:

"In every heart there burns a flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame;
Happy were men if they but understood,
There is no safety but in doing good."

There never was but one man born of woman who ever lead a perfect life, and he was arrested, tried, convicted and cruelly put to death for leading that life.

While I have no fear of being convicted under a similar charge myself, still, I do love a charitable and forgiving nature. So, dear reader, if you find out that you cannot, or do not, believe the whole thing—do the best you can, and be at least charitable—not in money matters, but in believing.

THE AUTHOR.

Twenty-Four Years In Florida.

LIFE IN GAINESVILLE.

When I arrived in Florida in the fall of 1882, my first stop was in Gainesville, Alachua county, and even if I had not liked that beautiful inland city of Florida, I had made up my mind to stop any way, as I did not have a dollar left, and I can truthfully say that my first day's manual labor was done in Gainesville, and I can always as truthfully say that my last one was done there, in the spring of 1883.

But I will always remember Gainesville, Florida, with the kindliest thoughts, and can never forget the courteous treatment of those noble gentlemen, Colonel H. F. Dutton and Walter Robinson. They were then the bankers and cotton-mill men of that place.

They gave me work by which I made a good living. These gentlemen were from New England, and I from South Carolina. They were staunch Republicans, and I a firm Democrat, which fact had a good deal to do with my advent into Florida.

However, no birth place, or past or future political affiliations cut any figure with us, as I wanted work and they wanted a worker, and all was peace and good will.

It was while I was at work for these gentlemen that I had

the pleasure of meeting those knights among men, A. M. Cushman, Benson and Harry McCreary. The latter climbed from a printer to an editor, and is now editor of the famous Gainesville Sun, and, in addition to that, has entered senatorial halls from Alachua, his home county.

I fortunately got bed and board at the house of one of South Carolina's most noble families, Mrs. Richardson, who had recently moved to Gainesville, and it was truly akin to a home life.

I have been in Gainesville nine months and will say good bye to many friends. I have accepted the position of telegraph operator at Tocoi, St. Johns County, Florida, May, 1883.

Life In St. Johns County.

Life In St. Johns County.

A CHAPTER ON TOCOI.

I arrived at Tocoi in the spring of 1883, The town, at that time, consisted of a warehouse, a waiting room and the agent's office, in which was also the operator's outfit and office.

The agent acted in the double capacity of railroad and boat agent, and this building was nearly a quarter of a mile from land on the St. Johns river.

On land there was a blacksmith shop, operated by a good colored man named Louis Wise, and a boarding house, run by a white family—good clever people, with nine children and two boarders—the agent and I were the boarders.

Just after my advent into Tocoi I was appointed post master. Several people who lived out on Tocoi Creek and the surrounding country, would get their mail there. As it would often be a week at a time when I would neither send or receive a telegram, the only time I was sure to be found at my place of business was on pay day. Between times I would hunt and fish.

At one Saturday's meeting of the patrons of the Tocoi post office, it was unanimously agreed that whenever I was absent from the office I must be certain to set the flour barrel, in which I kept the mail, outside the back window of the joint office of the agent and myself, so any one expecting a letter or paper

could look over the contents of the barrel and not be delayed on account of my absence.

Getting Their Mail

It was also arranged with the postal agents on the boats, that in the event any mail came for Tocoi and I was absent, they would just drop it in the barrel and take the mail pouch right on.

For quite a while some little trouble was caused by some of my patrons who had recently left Georgia and South Carolina, and had found it necessary to change their names, and would often forget how they had ordered their mail addressed. This was, however, amicably settled by all of them meeting on Saturdays and opening up the mail and then each one would take the letter that was best fitted to his past career.

Another peculiar, but sensible rule these good people adopted, was they would all turn out at the polls on election day and vote for any man for sheriff (this being the only officer in which they felt any interest), provided he, the sheriff, would al-

low them to elect their own deputy sheriff from among themselves.

This was always readily agreed to, as no one else would be fool enough to take the job.

The qualifications of a deputy sheriff were that he must be a Georgian or South Carolinian by birth and had left his native state permanently and meant to make Florida his future home.

A Georgian was more frequently preferred, as they generally came to stay. The deputy was to make no arrest unless agreed to by a majority of those who placed him in office.

The agent and I held a business meeting one day, and decided we ought to have a man of all work to wait on us, as I would often be out hunting and the agent fast asleep when a boat or train would arrive. Besides being mortifying to him, it would naturally cause some delay in the railway and river service.

However, we filed our claim for a helpmate, and the officials at once, fearing that we would quit our jobs and no one else would accept them, sent us a good, honest darkey named Harvey. Harvey's main duties were to mix drinks, pick birds, scale fish and wake the agent up for boats and trains.

In addition to these duties, I informed Harvey that in case anything happened to the telegraph line between Tocoi and Palatka I would expect him to take the necessary implements, and go out on the mule (the only animal in that line within five miles of Tocoi,) and repair the defects. This would virtually relieve me of all work, except signing the pay roll once a month, which was one duty I never forced on any one in my life.

After Harvey had been with us, or in our service, for about three weeks, I had occasion to send him over to Moccasin Branch, between Tocoi and Palatka, to look up a break in the line.

He saddled up "Old Bob," the mule, and I saw him cross the

main street of Tocoi, which was the narrow guage railrod track leading from Tocoi to St. Augustine, running a distance of fourteen miles

It seemed the faithful fellow was in a hurry to get to the scene of trouble on the line, for he was freely applying whip and spur to the mule that did not seem anxious to leave home, while Harvey seemed very anxious to get out of town.

This was about nine o'clock in the morning. About one o'clock, while at dinner, I heard the clatter of hoofs, and looking out saw Harvey coming through the woods, making about thirty miles an hour. They—I mean he and the mule—ended up in the yard where the mule was kept,, and on examination, I found the mule had a load of number eight shot just above the root of his tail, and Harvey had one just a little higher up.

Harvey Retreating.

On asking Harvey what had caused the trouble and his hasty return, he said: "Mussiful Gawd! Don't you know I done fogit an' cross dat nigger color line at Moccasin Branch and dem crackers sure did open up fire on me. But I got dis to say: dat dar mule sure am a friend in need!"

I was duly notified, by a committee, that if I ever sent another nigger over that Branch I would be used for cat fish bait.

The next morning when I went to the dock Harvey was eating his breakfast just like the mule—standing up—on account of the bird shot. He told me he wished I would find out for whom he was working, or who had hired him, as he wanted to quit his job at once.

I apologized to him for having sent him so far into the interior, and promised him if he would remain in our service it should never occur again.

This was perfectly satisfactory, and he stayed and received $20.00 a month. He opened up a little restaurant, back of the waiting room and near the general delivery post office, and cooked and eat all by himself.

A CHAPTER WHEREIN I FELT DEEPLY FOR HARVEY.

About a month after Harvey's crossing the color line at Moccasin Branch, the telegraph line went down again, and I saddled up "old Bob," the mule, true to my word with Harvey, and started out to look up the defect.

Being a white man, and somewhat acquainted with the people along the line, I spurred old Bob up pretty lively. I had to use a spur because every time you would hit him with a whip or stick from behind he would turn around several times.

Just as we were going up the hill on the color line side of Moccasin Branch, I saw a white man who had been on the committee to warn me against sending another nigger over there. He was just in the act of shooting a squirrel and I was about to hail him, when old Bob spied him. He, Bob, the mule, whirled around like a four year old colt, and, dear reader, John Gilpin's ride was a slow thing to what old Bob and I did

from there to his lot gate at Tocoi. We made nine miles in about twenty-seven minutes.

Peeples Retreating.

Good old Harvey was at the gate, and came quickly to me saying: "God pity you, master—they must a took you for me. Where is you shot at?"

The railroad running from Tocoi to St. Augustine is, or was, at that time, fourteen miles long, and while the distance is the same to-day as then, there is no evidence of a railroad whatever, and very little of Tocoi, as was reported by the last visitor, who went there about seven years ago.

However, about twenty-three years ago that was a famous and well patronized road, and old Harvey, in answering inquisitive visitors in regard to the road would always, with a proud look on his face, tell them "Dat road run clean to St. Augustine an' back again."

No tickets were sold. It was always cash fare. First-class fare was $2.00, but a second-class fare of $1.50 was charged.

First-class passengers rode in a box car, and second-class passengers rode on an open flat car.

Whenever the honest, kind-hearted old conductor would want a day off, to fish or hunt, he would arrange with me to take his run from Tocoi to St. Augustine and return. The agreement was, that in order to avoid any little "mistakes," he would run up with me as far as the wood rack, and take up all the fares himself, and on my return he was careful enough to count the passengers and see how they and my cash agreed, and then pay me $2.00 out of what I turned in.

Whenever of one of his hunting spells came on, and I could not be found, he would stop the train along the line for an hour or more and shoot quail and turkeys, and the passengers would seem to enjoy it immensely, especially if he stopped at a place dry enough for them to get off and walk around.

There was only one regular stop between Tocoi and St. Augustine, and that was Wild Cat Hammock. This had only one place of business and that was a little distillery. We often stopped there to deliver corn and a few groceries. There was no agent there and the owner of the business had never been known to meet a train, as he had forgotten to take out his United States license. Yet he was always honest enough to leave what he owed us for freight charges in an old hollow log, or under a certain pile of cross ties nearby. Some times it would be so "fresh from the mint" that it was real warm.

A few months after I was appointed postmaster, I got caught in a very embarrassing situation. One, Will Sypes, was expecting to receive a news paper and a letter. Unfortunately he could not read, but was anxious for his mail, and, finding no one around the dock or post-office, took the whole

business, barrel and all, and carried it to a neighbor's three

Carrying the Postoffice Away.

miles off, who could read, to get him to pick out his letter and newspaper. That very day the post-office inspector came to see how the postoffice was kept, and it was my mortifying duty to tell him that the whole general delivery outfit was either stolen or blown over into the St. Johns river. That was the only barrel in Tocoi—and I had to get it back.

After the inspector and I had divided up some of the Wild Cat freight returns, he seemed to realize my situation, and swore, with a great oath, that my post-office would be found if it took every detective in the U. S..

The inspector stayed with me that night, and the next morning, when we went to the dock, the barrel was sitting there and Sypes sitting on top of it.

Sypes told us why he had taken it. But he looked pretty cheap when the inspector told him the danger of monkeying with the property of the United States.

Sypes looked at me and said: "I mailed you a package in there," pointing to the post-office barrel. Curiosity prompted me to reach down into the general delivery, and I pulled out a package from Wild Cat Hammock.

Sypes on Guard.

I handed it to the inspector, who held it up between him and the sun, and, shutting one eye, kindly remarked to Sypes that he hoped he had not been too harsh with him, for he felt certain that not one man in a hundred would have brought the barrel back, and he looked upon him as an honest man.

He then reported my office well and neatly kept.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH THE DEACON.

It is strange how foolish a person can act when half asleep or partly dreaming.

I remember, as an illustration: One night some of the boys invited me on a coon and 'possum hunt. We hunted around the Wild Cat Hammock Station for about two hours, and the nearest we came to finding any game that I could see or remember was a "blind tiger."

I went home with a good man that night, getting in about 1 o'clock in the morning. He was very tired when we got home, and could hardly walk up the steps. After we got in bed he told me he was a deacon. We must have slept for about three hours, when we both woke up very thirsty, and thirsty for water, too.

We took a pitcher and went out in the back yard, the Deacon reminding me of the ancient pitcher of Biblical times, that was broken at "The Fountain," and told me to hold it carefully while he pumped the water.

I held the pitcher about fifteen or twenty minutes, while he worked hard at the handle, and we could hear the water splash, but none came. He kept telling me that if I broke the pitcher, evil-minded, perverse people would say we were drunk—so I held to it until I got tired, and then thought best to examine the pump. I struck a match, and was shocked to see the

The Deacon Producing Water.

Deacon was turning a big grind-stone, which was fitted into a trough full of water.

The next morning, after reading some advices from the good book to the sinner, and after emphatically quoting certain words of advice as applied by the Apostle Paul unto Timothy in regard to one's awful infirmities, and for their "stomach's sake," and had taken the prescription pretty freely, he looked at me, winked and said: "Say, old boy, wasn't that a good one I got off on you about the grind-stone last night?"

MY SECOND EXPERIENCE WITH THE DEACON.

These little meetings soon made fast and good friends between the Deacon and myself. But the next joke he played was pretty hard to explain. Five of us fixed up at a cost of two dollars each to go on a camp hunt.

The Deacon said it would be best to leave on Wednesday, so we could be back in time for him to attend services at his church the following Sunday.

We put our guns and fishing tackle in the general office on the dock. Up on the hills we had "Old Bob" hitched to the wagon, ready to leave just as soon as the train came from St. Augustine with our groceries and other necessaries for a camp hunt.

The conductor kindly stopped on the land and delivered us our things. We all got to sampling some of those groceries pretty lively. Finally, we got into the wagon and drove about seven miles, when we struck our camp.

We had a fine time the next day, which was Thursday, and were all fast asleep by sundown.

The next morning, which was Friday, I awoke up early. I saw a cat squirrrel run up a tree, and I at once made up my mind to

shoot it and surprise the boys at breakfast. But, to my utter chagrin, we did not have a sign of a gun in the whole crowd, for they were in the office at Tocoi, and we were about seven miles out in the woods.

The Deacon, who was asleep on the floor of the wagon, when we left Tocoi, roared laughing, and said: "Boys, it is my treat, as it tickled me mighty near to death when we drove off without those guns—and we on a camp hunt, too!"

Of course, we decided to return to Tocoi at once, and from there each one go his respective way. But this return trip came very near proving fatal. One of the crowd suggested we put blinds on "Old Bob," and Will Dykes (who was then a boy, and who is now constable in Justice Drumright's Justice District, and well liked and highly respected by all who know him, for a better officer never lived) got our pasteboard lunch box and cut out the blinds for that mule. He tied them on the bridle. The Deacon and the agent from Tocoi were then fast asleep in the wagon.

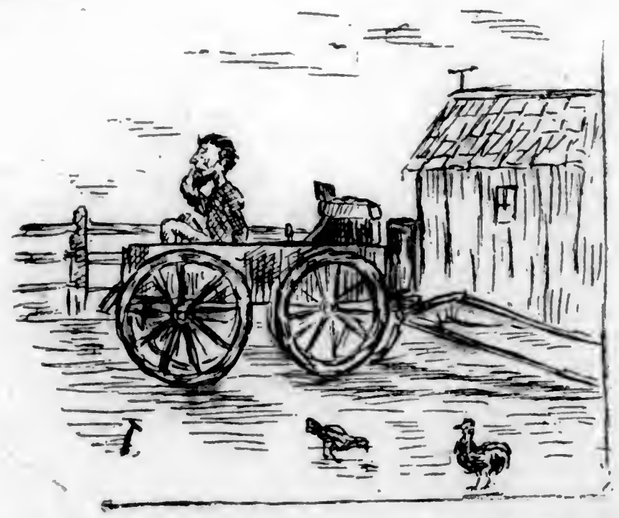
As soon as Will Dykes put on the bridle and blinds Old Bob jumped about ten feet, and started for home. Judging from the time he left our camp, as compared with the time the landlady said he arrived at the lot gate, he had averaged a mile to each five minutes.

We started out on boot—that is, the other three of us—at a pretty brisk pace, and made the trip in about two hours.

When we arrived at the boarding house everything looked solemn. The landlady and her nine children fully believed the Agent and Deacon were dead, as they were both motionless, neither having woke up on that fearful ride, although an old musket, which Harvey had put under some hay in the wagon, and which was the only and unknown firearm on the hunt, had exploded and blown a hole through the tail-board of the wagon. This served to remind Old Bob of his and Harry's color line

experience, and naturally hastened him on as the report came from behind.

It has often been said by the Deacon's closest friends that his one expression on awakening up was the only improper one of his life, so far as the memory of man could recall, but it was heard by several, and could not be disputed. He said: "Where in hell am I?"



I Have Either Lost a Mule or Found a Wagon.

As Old Bob had been taken from the wagon, the Deacon insisted he had either lost a mule or found a wagon.

THE DEACON AND I ATTEND CHURCH.

After the Deacon had gotten pretty well straightened up from the camp hunt, he made me promise him faithfully that I would attend church with him on the following Sunday.

I told Harvey to have Old Bob hitched up by daylight, which he

did. The Deacon spent the night before with me, and we got off in good time, so as to get to the church by eleven o'clock.

We stopped at a little stream to eat breakfast and arranged our early meal out on the ground, when the Deacon suggested we better say a little something before eating.

The Deacon Saying Grace.

After he had invoked a blessing and returned thanks for past and future blessings, I went to the back end of the wagon to look for our bottle of coffee. You can imagine our surprise when we found my shotgun and Harvey's old musket, two decks of playing cards, and a pint of Yankee beans.

Thoughtful old Harvey, thinking I was off for a day's hunt, had put these things in, and had also made a big mistake in filling the coffee bottle—but the Deacon and I just cut coffe out for that meal. However, we explained to those who happened to see these implements of a day's hunt, that we expected to hunt on our way back, on Monday.

At noon one of the members took me off to a little spring, and offered me one hundred oranges and twenty-five grapefruit for the two decks of playing cards and tho beans, and we traded.

The Deacon, who had caught a few words of the conversation, and suspicioned what was up, walked by me in a careless manner and handed me a leaf from a magnolia flower. On it was written, "Don't let him fool you out of the coffee bottle."

I will always remember that touching sermon preached on that Sunday. It was wonderful, the word pictures the parson drew, and the great effect it had on his congregation. When he told of the Star in the East and the wise men following it, foot sore and weary, hungry and thirsty, and that they patiently followed it beyond Fernandina, where it stopped, and that after a long and careful search they had found the infant in a trough in a horse stable, wrapped in a saddle cloth.

During that afternoon it would have been dangerous for a man, woman or child to have said they were directly or indirectly from Fernandina, and I feel sure that it has and will always have a bad effect in the community on any man from, in or near Fernandina running for office.

A CHAPTER OF ILLNESS AND POVERTY.

"Comfort, comfort, scorned of Devils,
This is truth the poet sings;
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows,
Is remembering happier things."

Just after a pleasant, but quiet, Christmas, in the year 1884, I was riding along a lonely and seldom used road in St. Johns county, when I noticed a man sitting on a log, deeply absorbed in reading a little book.

I rode up to him and soon saw that it was a nicely-bound volume of the New Testament.

The Good Samaritan.

Being tired from a long ride in my saddle and on a rather rough animal, I felt really anxious to talk with some one. I got down and sat beside him on the log. I asked him what he was reading. He then read me a few verses from his sacred little book: St. Luke, XIV ch., 21st, 22nd, and 23d verses—"So that servant came and shewed his Lord these things. Then the master of the house, being angry, said to his servant, 'Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind. And the servant said: 'Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.'"

"And the Lord said unto the servant: 'Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in—that my house may be filled.'"

After reading these lines he pointed to a little log cabin nearby, and told me that he was just from Jacksonville, Florida, where he had seen and spent a most sumptuous Christmas, and was at present studying Florida, and had accidentally come to that little

house. He asked me to go into the house with him, which I did. Although it has been years long past, that sad sight still hangs on memory's wall. A man about forty-five years old was lying on a bed, sick, weak and emaciated. Standing by his side was a beautiful little light-haired girl, about twelve years old, with a smile and a beautiful loving look of patience and love depicted on her dear little thin and sunken face.

On a table near the invalid's bed was a wheat cake lately cooked by little Rose, and a cup of water.

The sick man told us the sad story of his recent life. He had come to Florida two or three years before to try and prolong the life of his loving and faithful wife—

How hard to live at all, if living be
The thing it seems to us; the few brief years
Made up of toil and sorrow, where we see
No joy without companionship of tears;
What is the artist frame; the gilden chords
Of rapt musician, or the poet's theme?
All in complete; the nailed-down coffin boards
Are mocking sequels to the grandest dreams.

But that dread disease, consumption, had taken a firm hold on her. She had contracted it in her northern home, and he pointed to the two earthen mounds near the house—the mother and little boy were hidden there from human eyes.

He looked at us again and said: "I thank God that dust thou art and to dust returnest was not written of the soul, and we will soon unite on the other and brighter shore, where pain and sorrow are unknown."

The gentleman whom I had met reading his Testament took little Rose on his knee, and asked her if she had spent Christmas right there?

"Yes, sir," she said, "my papa was so sick that Santa Claus didn't come." God bless that little innocent, loving child. There was the empty stocking on the rude wall of that death-stricken house of poverty and illness.

I was asked by that nobleman never to mention his name in connection with what he had done for that lonely, grief stricken father and daughter.

But I do thank God that Santa Claus entered that sad and humble home before death came for that loving, helpless father. He is now at rest beside wife and son, in God's lonely burial acre.

Yet the great busy Christian world moves on. The basket is passed around in hundreds of churches for foreign missions. Collections are taken for Christmas trees, and they groan under their burden of presents for the rich and healthy. Yet none saw fit to go out into the highways and hedges—save this good man who was following in His steps.

In the foot-steps of our Savior, and well and faithfully did he do his act for the least of the little ones. Rose is now in his northern home—saved from poverty by this noble man of God—who went out and found her in the wild hedges of Florida, and showed her a place of bounty in the house of his Lord.

HANGING THE SAPLING.

Not very long after I came to Tocoi, I was sitting on the dock, all alone, except old Harvey, when two rough looking, but kind hearted, men came by the dock in a small boat and hallooed to me, "I think we will hang the saplin' about next Wednesday, and you want to be ready!" They went right on, and I was puzzled to know what "hanging the saplin'" meant. I asked

Harvey about it. He told me it was some deep mystery, the secret of which no one ever found out except the agent and operator at Tocoi, and that he had often heard them say to my predecessor, Mr. Ben Oland (now operator at Bartow, Fla.,) that they would hang the sapling on a certain day. Mr. Oland would always leave Tocoi on that particular day.

However, on the next Wednesday morning, when I went into the office, there was no current and the line was dead toward Palatka.

I started out as soon as possible, on old Bob, to look up the defective place.

In the afternoon I saw a pine sapling, one end in the ground, and the other end against the telegraph wire. All I had to do was to push it down and the line was all O. K.

This was near a house to which I went to get some water. When I got in front of the house three children ran out, clapping their hands and hallooing at the top of their voices: "Oh, Maw! Oh, Auntie! here is the new one. He don't look half as good as Mr. Oland."

The mother of the three children came out and told me that she was glad that I had accepted the invitation to the dance She explained to me that it was a time honored custom whenever they gave a frolic to invite the agent and the operator at Tocoi by "hanging the saplin,'" as this would at least bring the operator out to remove it.

I was taken into the house where I met the other two sisters. One went out and soon returned with what they called "the Milk Piggin," (a small cypress or cedar bucket), level full of a liquid. She handed me an empty condensed milk can, and asked me to have some skimmings. I drank four or five cans of skimmings and slept five hours.

After I became conscious, I found out it was made from sour cane juice, and I can recommend it as a cheap, but painful, drunk.

Up to this day I can hardly eat sugar cane syrup. The dance opened up about 8 o'clock that night.

It soon got rumored around that the new operator was a fiddler. I saw there was no chance to get out of doing the best I could. On three home-made strings, that were made from a fox instead of a house cat, I started out on "Affection Waltz."

I was soon stopped and told that some of the crowd thought it wrong to play hymn music at a frolic, and if I could not play "Sharem," "Hunkie Dorie," or "Hell Broke Loose in Georgia," to hand it over to the Old Man Battle.

This I gladly did and old man Battle then opened up on

Old Man Battle Playing the Fiddle and Sypes Beating the Straws

"Turkey in the Straw." Sypes was beating the straws, and right then and there I gave up the violin—for I knew I had started too late in life to ever catch up with that wonderful player.

Gideon Nettles was calling the figures:

Choose yo' pardners, time's er flyin',
  Take yo' places on de flo';
Don't you hear dat fiddle cryin'
  "Nickerdemus Ebbermo?"

S'lute yo' pardners, bow perlitely,
  Dat's de motion through 'en through;
Swing dem corners, step up lightly,
  Hail Columby! Hallaloo!

Fus' fo' forward, keep er-diggin',
  Now you sashay back agin,
Nebber mind yo' ragged riggin'
  So's don't show de naked skin.

Lawdy! see dat Peter Slater,
  How he bow en scrape aroun'
Head look like a peeled pertater—
  Slick ez glass upon de crown.

Ladies change, en keep er-skootin,'
  Cross right ober, now you swing,
Hole dem hands up highfalutin',
  Look permiskus, dat's de thing.

Mussy! look at Winnie Jeeter..
  Dat gal flings a soople toe;
Crack yo' heels, dar, Tom, en meet her,
  Bow en smile, en—"so en so."

Balance all! Now don't git lazy,
  Fly aroun, en tar yo' shirt,
Stomp dem feet, but don't go crazy
  Else somebody sho' git hurt.

Fiddler got his mouf wide ope'm,
  Holin' down dat music tight,
Teeth, dey settin' sorter slope'm—
  Look like tomestones in de night.

All sashay. I 'clar to gracious,
Nebber seed de like befo';
Crackers sho'ly dance ou'dacious
Sid'rin drouth an oberflo'.

Heb'nly Kingdom! look at Mary,
Bofe eyes shinin' like de moon.
"Don't git w'ary, don't git w'ary,"
Dat's de way to change de chune.

Promenade! Now, da' comes handy,
Hunt yo' seats en take a res'
Gentlemens will pass the candy,
To de gals dey love de bes'.

Just about twelve o'clock an elderly man walked in at the most inopportune time, as two young men from Possum Path were pitted against each other to see who could do "The Short Dog, or Cut the Buck" dance the best, to the tune of "Sugar in the Gourd." But they had to stop, as it was time for the wrestling and jumping match to come off, and I was quickly informed that it always ended in a big free fight.

I saw one fellow jerk off his vest and top shirt, and slapping himself on his powerful chest swore he was the best man that ever "water wet, or sun dried."

He was immediately answered by another, that "a better man than he never trod shoe leather."

And still another cried out, positively affirming, that "he was the best man on the hill."

Another jumped out and said "he was a mule and had never been curried, and would give ten dollars for a rider."

I simply had no choice in the matter but had to wrestle. When I came to my senses I was in a hog pen, and was told that my opponent had given me the "hip lock." It felt more like he had given the lock jaw. I was then a-straddle of the rail fence that surrounded the hog pen.

The Great Contest.

My thoughts were then running on old adages, and the first one that occurred to me was "a good run would beat a bad stand," and I immediately put the proverb into execution and lit out toward Tocoi on foot, as I could not fly, and old Bob was in the pea field.

The next day I sent a man for old Bob, as I felt pretty sore from running and wrestling. When he got back he told me that one of the ladies said I was no telegraph operator if I couldn't throw Bennie Williams "rastling."

She sent me word to be sure and come out the next Sunday, as their pastor, Rev. Simpson, who was the "circus rider" for that district, was to preach his farewell sermon at Johnson's Slaughter Pen, as the last meeting of the "circumference" had decided to send him to the Big Prairie.

I was promptly on hand, in fact, I got there Saturday night, and took some little presents to the three children.

I noticed the two boys looked very much alike, and about the same age, but the younger one, a girl, was of an entirely different type. I made some remark about it to the mother, and she told me the boys were twins, and that their father was a lightning rod agent, but the daughter was by her own lawfully married husband. She stated the husband was unjustly sent up for a five years term in the penitentiary for killing while out fire hunting, an old buck, which, next morning, turned out to be a four-year-old steer instead of a buck.

She said she had one thing to be proud of and that was if it had been a deer, her husband would have killed it, as he shot it at fifty yards and put four blue whistlers between its eyes. Whenever they would speak of it, they always alluded to it as the time he killed the old buck.

A PECULIAR ACQUAINTANCE.

I was sitting in my office at Tocoi one day, when a handsome, well-dressed man of about thirty years of age walked in and introduced himself to me as Thomas Jenny. He said he had rented a place a few miles from Tocoi, and, finding it a little lonely out there, had decided to come to town and look up some acquaintances.

As I and old Harvey were about the only two people awake just then, the agent being fast asleep, he and I shook hands, and I told him that I doubly appreciated his visit, as I was very lonely myself, and I hoped he would call often.

At noon we went up to the Tocoi Hotel, where he soon

gained the friendship of the nine children by giving them twenty-five cents each and promising many other little gifts.

The next day he was to come for me and take me out to his place for a day's hunt. He came on time, and we were soon at his front gate, having ridden behind a good horse and in a comfortable dog-cart.

His rooms were very neatly and nicely fixed up. He had a rather rough-looking white cook, of foreign birth.

We had a fine day, and that night, after a game supper, he brought me home, and spent the night with me. After that we were good friends.

One day, however, we were out hunting, and I happened to have a detective paper with me. While we were eating our noon lunch near a cool spring in the woods, I was looking over the paper, and I saw a picture that very much resembled him, but the name under it was Jamison, and for whom a large reward was offered.

I laughingly pointed it out to him, and told him I had him at last. He grew red in the face and then deathly pale. Grabbing his shotgun, he looked me square in the face, and between his set teeth hissed "Traitor."

Of course, I was perfectly surprised, and tried to explain, but he swore he would kill me like he would a snake. I went to talking pretty lively and politely, until I partially convinced him how foolish it would be for me, even if I had any evil designs, to go at it in that manner.

After giving me some mighty plain advice and instructions for my future benefit, we parted.

The next day I saddled up Old Bob, and rode over to his place. At the front gate I was told by the cook that my friend was not at home, and that was all I could get out of him. I returned to Tocoi.

The next day a perfect stranger, well dressed and wearing

long black side-whiskers, came up to the dock in a sail boat. He said he wished to have a private talk with me. I told him it would be next to impossible to find a more private place, as we could see any one coming from land a quarter of a mile off, and could plainly see a boat ten miles, and as I was entirely alone on the dock, we were certainly safe, but if he thought best he could talk in a low tone.

"All right," he said. "Now, sir, there is a man in this community going by the name of Jenny—his real name is Jamison, and he left the State of ———— about one year ago, and he left the State eighteen thousand dollars worse off by his sudden departure. There is a bona fide reward of three thousand dollars for his arrest and return to said State. You know the man, and I am after him, and you can assist me and make a cool thousand for a few hours' work, as I will see to taking him back, once I get him."

"How am I to assist you?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "you write him a note and ask him to be sure and be at your room to-night at seven o'clock; that it is important and he must not fail. If he comes I will do the rest."

I agreed to aid him. I wrote the following note:

"Friend Jenny,

"A mighty well-dressed knight of a hand satchel is now in my midst and wants me to have you at my room to-night at seven o'clock. He offers me a valuable consideration to see that you come, and says he will do the entertaining. Use your judgment, but it looks to me as though hand cuffs are trumps just now, and I think if you are fool enough to come, a pistol might come in handy. This is a word to the wise."

"Yours, ————."

At seven o'clock I was at my room and in walked my friend Jenny, nicely dressed and with a smiling face.

"Where's your handsome knight of the satchel?" he asked.

"I see that you got my note," said I. "Now take my advice and go at once. As to what he wants with you, you are the best judge."

"Good bye," he said, and stepped out of the side door.

In a few minutes the side-whiskered stranger came in the room from another door, and sternly said: "Where did that fellow go?"

"What fellow?" I asked.

"Why, Jamison, or Jenny. I heard every word you said to him!"

"Well," said I, "what do you intend doing with me about it?"

"Why," he said, "I will shake hands with you," and immediately threw off his heavy coat, then slipped off his side-whiskers, and moustache, and there stood my friend Jenny who had so well played his double part.

He explained to me how and why he had done it, and impressed me with the fact that had I played him false he would have made short work of me.

This all occurred in a large two-story house, in the middle of a fine orange grove situated on the banks of the St. Johns, belonging at that time to Commodore Wescoat, and was about a half mile from the railroad. The owner kindly allowed myself and the agent to occupy a well-furnished room in it, and we were the only occupants. At last accounts Mr. Jenny was in Cuba.

When I left dear old Tocoi, St. Johns county, for Eustis, then in Orange county, I was told good bye by a committee who had come to the dock to perform that sad rite, and as the old steamer Margaret left the dock, I went into my cabin to seek consolation

from my little Book of Books. I turned to those consoling words, "Weep not for me, Oh, daughters of Jerusalem!"

I then went back on deck and found myself not only in a sad, but a sentimental frame of mind, and looking toward Tocoi I saw one little handkerchief still waving, and mechanically repeated from Tennyson:

"Many an eve, from yonder ivied casement,
E'er I went to rest, did we look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many an eve upon the waters, did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips."

And now a long farewell to dear old Tocoi.

LITTLE PAUL'S FIRST AND LAST HUNT.

"For every sweet there is a bitter,
For every rose a thorn."

We think and dream of the pleasant episodes of the home life, and of the laughter and merriment around the camp fire, and yet we must remember those beautiful words, so easily applied, yet so hard to accept:

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
For behind the clouds is the sun's still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall.

We started out the happiest and merriest party that ever left civilization for a month in the wild-game regions of beautiful, bounteous Florida.

Among that six was handsome, loving little Paul, aged twelve years, who at daylight ran up to our well-supplied boat, beaming with happiness and radiant with expectations.

Holding his little rifle up for our inspection, he said: "Papa says I can go, if you will take me, and I will be good and get the wood and water and pick all of the birds."

Just then that noble, loving father walked up and patted little Paul on his head, and said: "Boys, this is all I have left. Can't we find a place to store him away in the boat?"

"He is our little Captain," we all shouted in chorus, and Little Captain came on board. We were on the water for several days, and after the first day we would actually become jealous if our Little Captain devoted too much of his time to any one member of our party. After we had been at camp for or five days, we had learned to look upon our Little Captain as our chaplain. Also, each night, when he would put on his little night-gown, he would kneel by that old oak log, used by us to sit and eat on, and we would all kneel beside him and repeat with him:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
But should I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Please, God, bless my angel mamma and my papa and the good men that brought me with them and didn't leave me by myself. Amen."

After each little prayer strong men would walk toward the camp fire, and each one would seem to call his pocket handkerchief into immediate use.

Just after dinner of our sixth day in camp, our Little Captain, our little guiding star—for on that hunt I never heard one

vulgar or profane word spoken—went out with his little rifle. After about two hours we saw the little fellow coming up to the camp white as a sheet, but with a beautiful smile on his face. Looking up into his father's face, he said: "Papa, I killed this rabbit with my little rifle, but I got so sick I did not kill the snake that bit me." Then he fainted. We laid him on his little rough pallet under the camping tent, and sat beside him. Just after dark he became conscious, and, with that same sweet smile upon his face, said: "Papa, mamma is waiting for me; let us all say our prayers. She will put me to bed to-night, and tell the gentlemen to call me in the morning. Oh, papa, I am so sorry I killed the poor little rabbit! Mamma, good night!"

We kissed those little cold lips good night. Our Little Captain—our little chaplain—was praying in heaven with his angel mother for those he had left on the camp hunt.

We called little Paul the next morning, but we spoke to him through the Great Ruler of the Universe.

Little Paul at Rest.

IS THIS AN AMPHIBIOUS ANIMAL?

The following conversation occurred in Hillsboro county not a great while ago:

There was a clever, but very curious gentleman, from Lynn, Mass., visiting Florida, and, very properly, he was trying to gain all the information he could about the Land of Flowers, its products, etc.

While he was out in the woods among the lakes one day he killed a large alligator, and hauled it to a good farmer's house, where he was going to spend the night, to have the alligator skinned, to have the hide as a trophy of his hunt.

After supper and the usual family prayer the farmer and his guest went out on the porch for a smoke and to discuss Florida.

"In your opinion, sir," said the gentleman from Massachusetts, "Do you believe an alligator is an amphibious animal?"

Is This an Amphibious Animal?

"I certainly do," exclaimed the farmer; "in fact, I know they are. I knowed one to eat a nigger once, and they are the very devil on hogs, and I know they would eat a white man. Why, sir, every bob-tail cow in this community had its tail bit off by a blamed 'gaitor—and you ask me if I believe they are infidious? I know they are!"

And the man from Lynn went to bed to dream of the Land of Flowers and alligators.

The next morning, after an early and hearty breakfast, the Massachusetts gentleman asked the farmer what he thought of the weather, and wanted to know whether he thought it would rain or turn cold? The old farmer looked him square in the face and said: "Do you ask that question, sur? Ain't you never satisfied with what you done?"

"I don't understand you," said the surprised tourist.

"Well, let me ask you a few questions," said the farmer. "You whipped h—— out of us in the sixties. You have run our national government ever since, haven't you?"

"Well, no," said the visitor. "You got your man in sometimes, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir, but every time we put in a Democrat, didn't you all hold a kind of revival and make a Republican of him? And, not satisfied with all of that, you took the very weather out of the Lord's hands, and called your cussed office the Weather Bureau and Signal Service. And what is the first thing you done? By gun, you froze the State out the first year you tried to run it, and then had the cheek to notify us two build fires in our groves, that you expected to put it on pretty heavy. And, remember, sir, up to the time you fellows tried to run it, we hadn't had a freeze in forty years. Now if you want cold weather, telegraph to Roosevelt. It's true he came from Georgia, but you converted him, but I'll be blamed if you ever convert Steve Sparkman or Frank Clark, for they will do just

what Bob Davis done—quit right there. All I ask of you is for God's sake leave us our climate and take the rest."

"I promised to meet Colonel J. Thomas Laud Brown at the Tampa Hotel to-night," said the visitor, "and I don't think I will hunt to-day, sir, so good bye. If ever you come north call on me."

"I thankee, sir," said the farmer, "but I ain't coming. Good bye."

Eustis and Her People.

I arrived at Eustis in due time, and it was at that beautiful little city, on the banks of Lake Eustis, I met some of the truest friends of my life.

It was there that I met that prince among men, Charles B. Hill, one of the proprietors of the well and favorably known paper, the Eustis "Lake Region," and whose untimely death is daily mourned by many.

It was there, in comparative boyhood, that one of my closest friends was that wonderful and tireless little hustler, Hewett Hill, who made the Eustis "Lake Region" an up-to-date paper, and was a giant in Democratic ranks. He is to-day an important attache of The Tampa Tribune, the same gallant, courteous and tireless worker as the youth of twenty-one years ago. I am truly thankful to say that while the bloom of the morning of our friendship may look slightly faded, that bloom has given us seeds that can keep the memory fresh in the evening of our lives.

It was there I met J. H. Fessenden, who is now a wealthy real estate dealer in Tampa, and Dr. S. S. Sargent, who was the leading physician of that county and is now practising his profession in Tampa, and is know not only as an up-to-date physician, but as a great Christian worker. Tibbetts Brothers, all of whom came to Tampa from Eustis and are now among our leading and wealthy men. Just here the names of Dr. Frank Hawley and Terry, the Franklin street notion and toy store magnate, come to mind. All bear the smile of prosperity from a few years living in Tampa.

After eight months in Eustis, I will say good bye to many true friends, and I am off for Hernando County, Florida.

Life In Hernando County.

Hernando County Experiences.

If what I put in this chapter is not mighty near true, to a word, I will tear this book up.

I left Eustis and went to the Land office in Gainesville, accompanied by J. H. May, now of Port Tampa City, and I took out papers, homesteading 160 acres of land.

At the time I did not know or care very much where it was, but I started out to hunt it up.

I went first to Brooksville, where I met George Marshall, an old school mate of mine, from Greenville, S. C.

George was running a livery stable and Dr. Marshall a drug store. I engaged a team from George for the next day, to take Jake May, John Brabham and myself out to look up our three homesteads.

We stayed in Brooksville that night, and it was there I first met C. Boulware, now the leading livery stable and salesman of Florida. Few, if any one here, know just how he got his start—but I know. I feel certain Mr. Boulware, comparing his position to-day with that of years ago, will not object to my handing to the public how he got a start in Florida.

When Mr. Boulware left the state of Georgia, he took passage on a bob-tail bay horse and rode patiently for days, and often into the hours assigned for rest, on moonlight nights.

Now, in talking personally with Mr. Boulware, he never speaks of it, as when he came to Florida, but always speaks of it as

when "he hit the State." So I will show you how he hit the State and struck it about Brooksville.

Boulware Hitting the State.

After Mr. Boulware had "hit" Brooksville, he rode his bob-tailed horse all around for days, trying to get a job, or sell a horse. After a few days the boys around Brooksville would halloo out, "There comes old cock-tail again," until the horse became generally known as "Old Cock Tail."

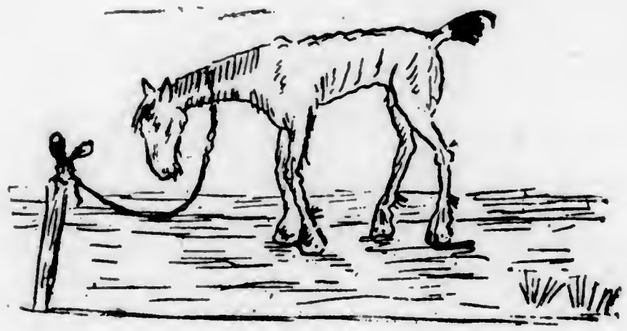
Worried out, and almost penniless, this man, who had come to succeed in Florida, secured a place as bartender with W. S. Hancock, who is now a retired business man, and living on his estate in Hillsborough county, near Tampa.

Just after Mr. Boulware went to work, a customer came in and asked for a Manhattan. As Boulware did not then, and, so far as I know, even unto this day, know the difference between wine and whiskey, he was placed in a very embarrassing situation. However, he mixed up some kind of decoction, or concoction, and the customer drank it. I am reliably informed the

customer, although he recovered from the effects, has never entered a saloon since.

The next morning a customer—a perfect stranger in Brooksville—walked in and told Mr. Boulware to get him up a cock tail. Boulware immediately brightened up and told him, if he was not in a hurry, please to wait a few minutes. The customer readily consented, and picked up a Brooksville paper and began to read.

Boulware ran to the other end of the saloon and whispered something to a negro boy, who immediately ran out and very soon returned and pointed to the side door. Boulware touched the customer on the shoulder, and said, "Come and see how it suits you." The surprised man followed him to the side door, and this is what he saw:



Old Cock Tail.

The stranger, really needing a horse, to look up some timber land, bought a "cock tail" for $200, instead of fifteen cents, as Boulware treated.

Boulware then and there went into the horse business, and

is in it to-day in Tampa. Even now the very mention of a cock tail makes him smile.

A CHAPTER ON THE HOMESTEAD.

We left the next day for our unseen real estate, in one of George Marshall's wagons. Just about sundown we located our land, near the head of the beautiful Chesawiskee Spring, which forms the river.

Here we met old Uncle Abe Chester, M. F. Douglass, Henry Hall and others, all of whom we had known in Eustis.

Our homesteads all adjoined, and were all unimproved, although never proven up. Our nearest store was at Oak Dale, three miles off, kept by a good man, Henry Blaisdale, who recently died in Hillsborough county.

We bought our groceries from Mr. Blaisdell, and would give him our orders at church on Sundays. He would get them from Mr. John Hale, of Brooksville, and have them ready for us by the following Saturday, or at church on Sunday. Mr. Blaisdale was a good-hearted, honorable man. When we would get there early on Sunday mornings he would let us put our shotguns and game in his store until after services were over.

Our minister, like all of the others of that settlement, was a kind-hearted and thoughtful man. As an incident: We were all at church, under a bush arbor, when Jake May's dog, old Major, jumped a rabbit, and treed it under Blaisdale's store. Noticing how restless the congregation, and especially the boys, were, the good preacher stopped and said: "Boys, I was young once myself, and I know how you feel. So we will take a recess of thirty minutes until you get that rabbit." In a few minutes the rabbit was caught, killed and hung up on a black jack oak, and the services resumed. But we were broken into again, as old Major did not see us put the dead rabbit on the limb of

2444

the tree, and, thinking he had treed a new one, started out and kept up a most terrific barking.

The Major is Heard From.

Of course, we had to take another recess, and go out and satisfy old Major. Then things went on smoothly.

Just after I got on my real estate, the neighbors all came over to help me in a house raising. We soon had the pine poles up for a house 10x12 feet, and very much resembling a Kentucky hog pen. John Brabham, who is now, or has recently been, manager of A. T. Smith & Co.'s restaurant in Tampa, was the architect.

After the neighbors came and completed it, all but shingling, I got Henry Hall to shingle it. After I had lived in it for over four weeks, there came a mighty rain, and I found it necessary to go under the house to keep from drowning. The next day I went over and mentioned it to old Uncle Abe Chester, and he, good old man, walked over to my place. He soon showed me a little mistake that Henry had made, which was, that he had started to shingle from the top, instead of from the bottom. So

FLORIDA STATE LIBRARY

we had to turn the shed up side down; then I could rest easy rain or shine.

Peeples Resting Easy.

HENRY HALL SAW A GHOST.

Shaw Thompson lived five miles from my homestead, and several of us concluded we would go and spend an evening with him.

Douglass, my close neighbor, owned a mule and the running gear of a Jersey wagon, but no body for it. We hitched the mule to the gear and put on a small row boat, that Henry Hall had just about completed, for a body.

Old Uncle Abe Douglass and I got in the boat, and Hall was to ride the cripple mare—which he did. This mare at one time belonged to Dr. H. T. Lykes, a wealthy and now retired cattle and real estate owner, and living near Ballast Point, seven miles from Tampa. She broke her right foreleg on a cattle hunt, and the Doctor then and there gave her to the rider.

It was a slow trip, but we arrived at Thompson's about dark. After a little consultation it was agreed that Hall would ride the cripple mare over to John Sharp's, about a mile further on in the hammock and invite John to come over with his fiddle and some corn, as corn sacks were scarce and very apt to leak. Quart bottles were, however, plentiful and would not leak.

We tied two of the quart bottles to the saddle on the "Gilpin style," and Henry started on his mission. We did not expect his return for some time, on account of the awful infirmity of the mare. We were talking and smoking, when we heard the clatter of hoofs, and the splash of mud and water. In less than a minute the old nag was lying broadside at Thompson's gate, and for a while it looked like Hall was going right on back to the homestead on his all fours.

Hall Becomes a Quadruped.

After Hall had quit falling and running on his hands and knees, and had got fairly well settled down, we asked him what was the occasion of his hurried return. He gasped out: "I seen a ghost up a tree.

"Blame your ghost," cried out one of the crowd, "where is the corn?"

"It is on the road," said Hall.

Just then John rode up, very much tickled, and had the packages which had fallen in soft places—consequently were uninjured. He explained to us that a friend of his had made a scaffold about thirty feet up on a dead pine tree, and was sitting there waiting to shoot a deer that was coming in his pea field, and had simply spoken to Hall, asking him to ride up a little, as he would alarm the deer hanging around.

Hall Fleeing from the Ghost.

Hall disputed this, and said that the thing he saw was not human—that it said, in a deep voice, "ride up here a little while. I am an alarmed bear, and hanging down."

After a most pleasant evening we got in our boat and went five miles back over the sand hills. On our way back old Uncle Abe reached down and pulled out two pickets he had taken from Thompson's fence, and begged us please to let him row awhile, as it made him feel more at home in the boat.

We let the good old man work hard for over a mile, when he went quietly to sleep.

Henry had a habit of every night, just before saying his prayers, of getting down on his all fours and looking under the bed. He explained to us that this habit had followed him for years. He once had a distant lady relative who had the same precaucious habit, and one night, after many years, she found a man under her bed. It had always been a presentiment with him that a woman might crawl under his.

THE FATE OF THE OLD CRIPPLED MARE.

It always makes me feel sad to think of the untimely death of that famous old mare that hauled me from the ox ride and saw the ghost with Henry Hall.

One night we were camping out, and Henry poured her oats in the back end of the boat, that was used as a wagon body. He left the bridle on her. In the boat we had a fine set of buck horns, or antlers. The old mare got the horns tangled in the head stall of the bridle during the night, and walked off with them on the top of her head.

Douglass was out fire hunting and took her for an old buck. He put seven low mole buck shot between her eyes. We all hated the mistake, especially Douglass, who, with tears in his eyes, said he was thankful of one thing, and that was she never suffered—never knew what hurt her.

A VISIT TO DR. JIM THOMPSON.

A more noble and kind-hearted man never lived than Dr. Jim

Thompson, of the Anutalago Hammock, Hernando county. He lives to-day at the age of seventy-four well spent years.

He prescribed for me successfully on several occasions, and did it without money and without price. He told me he had never seen inside a medical college in his life; had practiced medicine for over forty years; had never lost a case; had never used a single thing in the line of drugs or medicines, except Jimpson weed, bacon rind and turpentine.

After a few most enjoyable days spent with this noble old southern gentleman—hunting and fishing in the day time and listening to reminiscences of Indian war times in the evening—I started out on foot for my homestead. It was on my way home, or to my homestead, that I took my first and last ox ride. I can only tell you what I know, and what others told me,

---

MY FIRST AND LAST OX RIDE.

"Oh! if men could only see into the future like they can in the past."

Or apply those words:

"Then I dipped into the future as far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be,"

Those words could have saved me from a wonderful ride. I was walking along what is known as a blind road, with my gun and hunting outfit, when I was either overtaken or accidentally intercepted, by a good-hearted man, who was riding a red steer, and leading a brown one, both of which were securely tied together by the horns. He soon found out that we were going in the same direction, and that I knew Dr. Lykes, for whom he

was working, and kindly asked me to let him make the cattle split a log—that meant for him to get one ox on one side of a log and the other ox on the other side, so as I could mount easily. I got on the log from the south end of the cattle, and got a-straddle of the right-hand one.

Peeples' First Ox Ride.

When I got on him he bowed his back like a house cat that had just woke up, but walked off very nicely. After riding for about a mile I commenced to feel perfectly at ease, and became very much interested in the conversation as to how many cattle the Doctor owned, and about the various practical jokes he would play on his men while out in the woods, and about his having killed a large deer or bear.

Unfortunately, a rabbit jumped out in the road, and right there is where I made a mistake. I raised the gun and, I am told, I fired, but I never heard the report.

Some time in the afternoon a man came along in a cart, driving a certain cripple mare (of which mention has ben made

in Henry Hall's famous ride), which was given him by Dr. Lykes. He was naturally travelling slowly, and as luck would have it, did not take me for a ghost, as she did with Henry Hall, and the good man stopped and took me in.

After my illness he told me when he first saw me, I was on my knees, with the stock of my gun in my hands, and up to my shoulder taking perfect aim at some invisible object. That I seemed to be dreaming. He then looked around. The barrels of my gun were ten feet off, and he then knelt down back of me, and, taking aim in the same direction, saw a rabbit shot half in two. He then took me to my homestead, and sent for Dr. Jim Thompson, who came and saved my life, with nature's remedies.

Just before the Doctor arrived Jake May came running in and tried to get me to drink some corn whiskey. When I refused it, they told me afterward, his grief was simply terrible. He burst out crying and refused to be consoled, saying he knew I was not only unconscious, but dying. The man who had so kindly brought me home told May he was satisfied I would recover.

"No! No! Impossible," cried Jake. "I have known him and loved him all his life, and this is the first time he has ever refused."

When the Doctor came he soon quieted down, and made a fire to heat the jimpson weed.

Some weeks later I was able to get out and shoot small game. While in the woods I met my acquaintance of the oxen ride. I started toward him with outstretched hand, but he waived me back saying: "You owe me no thanks, sir, for letting you ride the ox. You are a cruel man and I want nothing to do with you." He held his gun up about like I had done at the rabbit. I was so sorry he was mad with me that I walked backward for one hundred yards, looking him square in the face with one eye and his musket square in the barrel with the other eye. I then

thought, or made out I saw, a fox squirrel, and ran nearly half a mile before I found out my mistake.

I went to see Dr. Lykes to get him to explain the matter to me, but the Doctor had just gone to Brooksville to find out if a marriage performed by the county surveyor was legal. Several who lived far out in the interior felt much interest in the matter, and all of these points would be settled by the doctor.

However, I left a note for the doctor telling him what I wanted him to do for me.

The doctor went to see my acquaintance of the ox ride. When next he saw me, he told me he had a long and serious talk with him. Looking me kindly, but sternly in the face he said: "Now Harry, if I have been rightfully informed, you are in the wrong."

"Oh, mercy! doctor," I cried, "don't judge me until I have a chance to explain."

"That's all right," he said kindly, "but, first, you must hear my report." This is his report: "That he, my ox acquaintance, had overtaken me on the road and kindly invited me to ride one of his steers. That we riding quietly along, when a rabbit jumped into the road. That I never asked whether or not the steer would stand fire. That I not only shot the rabbit, but immediately jumped off of the steer to pick it up, which showed a total disregard for his life and he an old man at that. That while he was lying not over forty yards from me, where the steers had split a blackjack oak and left him perfectly speechless and almost entirely helpless, he had seen me get into the cart, and although he had waived his hand as best he could, for he and although he had waved his hand as best he could, for he could not halloo, I drove right by him. That his steers were found seven miles away by a friend and returned. Then he burst out crying and said: "Doctor, I can't forgive that blamed fool.

Look at my steers. One with both horns pulled out by the roots, and the other hip shod."

The doctor said he pacified him by telling him to go on the range and get two more and use them just as long as he pleased. But he advised me for a short while, say four or five years, to keep out of that immediate neighborhood. "Doctor," I said, "hear me just a minute, and then I will hand you a glass of water. Doctor, I don't know what happened after I hit the ground, but can almost swear that while I was up in the air I saw the old man on the ground with a rabbit in one hand, and it seemed to me that every cow in Hernando county was either under me, or on top of the poor old man. Give me your pencil and I will make you a sketch of what I saw. Thank you, sir, here it is." "Well,"

Peeples' Only Start Toward Heaven.

said the doctor, "all that may be true, but possibly he kept falling for forty yards. However, do as I tell you. The thing is about settled—that is, if you keep out of his way awhile—for these fellows sometimes mistake a man for a sandhill crane, or a bear. Now get that water."

SELECTING A MINISTER.

One day, while sitting in front of my camping tent, Toney Knowles rode up and said "Hay, Peeples, ain't you coming out to 'Gaiter Wallace' church next Sunday?"

"I don't know," I said. "What's up?"

"Well," said Toney, "you know they have fired old Parson Grinder, don't you?"

"What for?"

"Why, for getting drunk on Sunday? He was give good warning about it several times. Old Deacon Sampson sent right off to a weather bureau and had two new ones sent here for us to pick from."

"Did you mean to say weather bureau, or labor or employment bureau?" I asked. "Yes, sir," he said, "that is what I meant, but listen. One of them is a Pedestrianarian and the other a Camellight. One will preach in the morning and one in the afternoon. Ketch as ketch can and no time limit. It will be left to five judges—best two out of three preachings for three Sundays. This will decide the future preacher. Be sure and come for the betting will be lively. I will give you a pinter. I am one of the judges, and a V on that Camellight's back won't break no camel's back you see. Why, sir, they tell me he preached against old Parson Nathan Brown for a purse of $25.00 and after three hours and fifteen minutes was called down and given the purse, by consent of his opponent."

I went out on Sunday and all was excitement around the church grounds. It was near election time for county officers, and the whole place was full of candidates—from constable to circuit judge.

At ten o'clock we were all called into church, and told Brother Moderator would announce the occasion of the present important meeting.

Brother Moderator made the announcement and introduced

Brother Whitehead, who immediately arose and started thus: "My dear, dying, sinful worms of the dust. Do you hear me?" Just then one of the judges, who was outside, in the midst of a horse trade, answered: "Yes, we hear you. Go ahead, we are coming."

"Oh, perverse and wicked man of the world, I hope you will get cheated in that trade," said the preacher. He then continued. "Now, sinful friends, I announce myself a first-class Pedestrianarian minister, and I am of that faith from kiver to kiver."

"Do you mean running, walking, or go as you please," shouted one of the congregation.

"You heard what I said, sir," said the preacher and I am man enough to back it up. I believe that hell is full of babies no bigger than tadpoles."

"You are a liar," said the "Camalite" preacher, and then things got lively. After awhile things quieted down, and the men all put their coats on. Dinner was announced, and then a misfortune occurred. Bill Jenkins, who was running for constable, was called on to make a speech. After half an hour of speaking he closed with a motion that all of the "Camalites" eat on one side of the church yard and all of the others (he plainly said he could not pronounce it,) eat on the other side. Then and there two powerful political factions were started known as pro- and anti-"camalites."

Jenkins said there must be no straddling the fence. It must be a show down then and there. That he was a Camalight from the ground up. That he meant to be fair and if a camel couldn't crawl through the eye of a needle—a baby couldn't go to hell. But all who differed with him could go there themselves.

They divided up and at dinner they addressed each other as "Brother Camalite" on one side, and "Brother Pedestrian," for short, on the other side.

We went back in the church, and the Campbellite arose and

started off: "Brethren, it is more impossible for a camel to—" "Hold up right there," said Bill Nixon, "this ain't no circus. Take your camels and your Camellights talk and git outen here. I am of the Pedestrian faith and I move we adjourn and save trouble. Quiet was soon restored and the meeting adjourned until the next Sunday with the Pedestrians a little in the lead, and the babies all scared nearly to death as to their future.

At the next meeting it was agreed that both preachers ETAO

At the next Sunday's meeting it was agreed that both preachers should retire from the race for the pulpit, and one run for coroner and the other for justice of the peace without opposition.

Jenkins said he knew of an old circus rider that had been pensioned by the Methodist conference, after years of preaching, and that the old worker would gladly accept the call and settle down in one place. Then he would not be moved about so often. Poor fellow, he had never been sent to the same place twice in fifty-eight years.

Just before the election the sheriff of Dooley county, Ga., came with a reuqisition for the Predestrinarian, and the Camalite decided to move about the same time to parts unknown.

JAKE MAY'S HORSE RACE.

I will never forget one of the most exciting horse and mule races I have ever seen. I promised to give name and places, but in this instance, it is best to omit the place of the race track.

J. H. May, who is now a well known business man of Port Tampa City, captain and owner of the famous little yacht, Ada May, owned a little black mule, known by the euphonious name of "Buck." It was often noticed, and frequently commented on, that whenever Jake would put Buck in his stable he would tie him at both ends. He would tie him secure to the door in front,

and then had a quick and neat way of lassoing him from behind and hitching him by both hind legs to the back of the stable.

One day a committee went over to his homestead and told him they could not understand it as he had a pine log stable that would hold a lion. "Stop right there," said Jake. "Could a lion kick that roof off?"

"No," said one of the crowd. "Well, that mule can make it leak pretty lively in a few minutes if he gets the use of his hind legs," said Jake.

The committee spake not a word, but seemed to understand it all.

One day, at a log rolling, Jake rode up on Buck, and got into conversation with a very clever fellow named Billy Polite, who was sitting on a little raw-boned mare, and was declaring that she was the best piece of horse flesh ever wrapped up in that much hide, and also applying many other horse compliments.

When Jake bantered him for a race of 400 hundred yards, Billy hesitated awhile, but after consulting several friends as to whether it would be any reflection on his mare to run against a mule, and having been assured in the negative, they came to terms.

Jake bet his pistol against a sack of oats, and three barrels of corn on the ear. Jake had four or five pistols and was out of oats and corn, and Billy was crazy for a pistol. It was agreed that they ride bare back. Neither had to get down to strip their animal, as all Jake had to do was to pull a corn sack from under himself, and Billy pulled out a moss pad from the mare's back.

Finally all was arranged and just as they were about to start one of the judges remarked: "Now, the first man over the line is the winner."

They failed to make the first start, for Jake hit his mule from behind and it whirled around, and, too, just then the mare fell down.

But the next time they were off. The race was pretty even despite the fact that Jake's mule had turned around completely three or four times, or just as often as he would apply his raw hide whip, and the mare seemed to have sense enough to fall down, just at the time the mule would turn around, so neither had any advantage as to lost time.

Within twenty steps of the finish, being afraid to use the raw hide, Jake spurred the mule, and that time, instead of turning around, he kicked. But he kicked a little too high, and turned a complete summersault.

Jake Leads Both Horse and Mule.

Jake, with his usual presence of mind, kept right on and ran under the line, beating the mare about ten fet. Looking back, he saw Buck exactly where they had started, eating the oats he had won.

Then the question arose as to whether Jake or the mule had beaten the mare. Then Billy Polite made the fatal remark, that it was bad enough to run his mare against a mule, but worse to be beat by a jackass.

After the fighting was over Jake's pistol was empty, and so

was the sack of oats, with the mare and Buck standing by the empty sack.

"I claim the bet," said Billy, "and I want my pistol jest like it was when we made the bet—I want it loaded."

"I claim the bet, too," said Jake, "and I want my sack just like it was—loaded with oats."

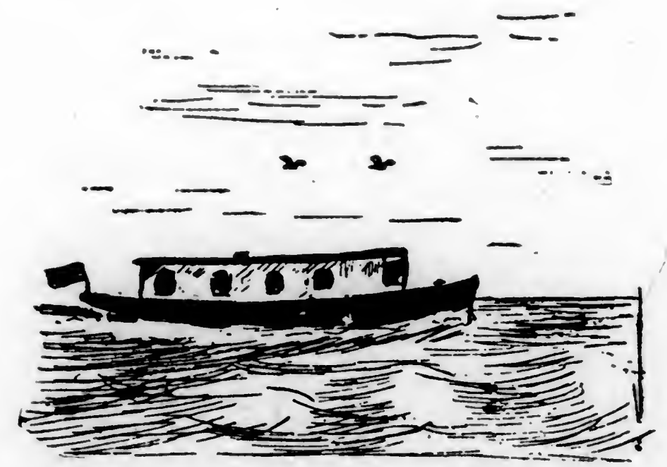
After a while things cooled down, and Jake still had Buck and the pistol, but no oats or corn. So he traded Buck right there for a sail boat, that was then near the head of the Chesawiskee river. The man told him he would throw in a compass. He went off and soon returned and handed the compass to Jake. Jake placed the compass on his boat and set sail for Tampa. On the way from Chesawiskee river to Tampa, Jake said he noticed his compass was a little out of order—but he came direct to Tampa.

On arrival he took his compass and came up town, inquiring for a jeweler. He found one, and just as soon as the jeweler looked at it he told Jake that the implement was entirely out of his line of work, and that he had better look up a blacksmith. He immediately went to a blacksmith shop, and there was promptly told he needed a machinist. He then went to a machinist, and, after looking at it awhile, the machinist winked his left eye and said, "You better buy a new one."

Jake finally became angry and said: "Well, sir, how much will you charge to tell me what in the h—— is this instrument, any how?"

The machinist coolly and properly told him that it was an old burned steam guage of a saw mill boiler.

Jake now laughs at the joke, and says if a man can only end up around Tampa, he ought to forgive all of his enemies. When it is announced in church for all to stand up who want to go to heaven, Jake keeps his seat. He says Hillsborough county is good enough for him.



The Famous Launch Ada May.

A TOUCHING SERMON.

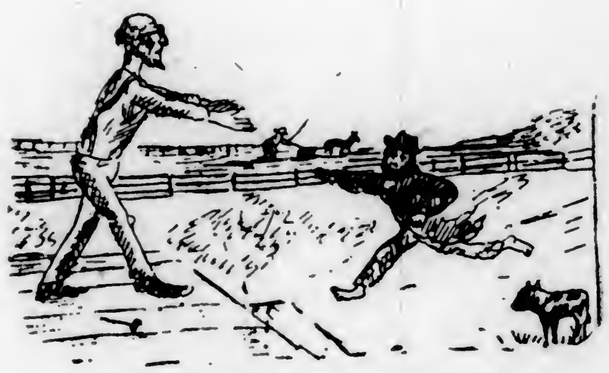
I once heard a very eloquent and affecting sermon preached about nine miles from the St. Johns river. I have not obtained the minister's consent to use his name. However, if he should read this and desire his credit, he shall have it.

I know he was a strict Baptist, for, notwithstanding the fact that the church was surrounded with lakes, ponds and sink holes, he would make his converts walk to the St. Johns river, nine miles from the scene of their conversion, in order to be sure there was water enough to wash their sins away.

The day I attended he announced he nad forgotten and left his Bible at home—but would take an off-hand text from the Book of John, third verse. He said he would do the best he could to tell his dear dying congregation about the poor old prodigal and his wayward boy. I listened with deep and un-

feigned admiration to his touching word picture of the poor old heart-broken prodigal sitting, day after day, on his front porch, waiting for his wayward boy to return.

"Oh, my dear old prodigal friends and brethren, among you I see some old prodigals who have worked long and faithfully in the hames—just like a poor mule or horse—but you are never heard complain. Plant yourself as a tree in the Baptist forest. You may become wrinkled in the boughs, on account of your old age; the chopper may come with his axe and cut you down; the reaper may come with his scycle and trim you up, but let the old tap root still stand firm, and new sprigs will appear around the old stump and bring forth fruit. And still there sits the poor old prodigal, but at last he is rewarded. He has been asleep, and his pipe has fallen from his mouth; he wakes up, and looks up the lane, and, behold, he sees his wayward boy coming home.



The Prodigal's Return.

Oh, dear, dying sinners, picture the scene. The poor old heart-broken prodigal just opened his arms and folded the wayward boy to his breast. He told him he would kill a fat Jersey calf for him. (That was before the railroads killed out the Jerseys.)

He put new shoes on him and gave him a ring, and called his brother, who was ploughing in the field to knock off, for his long lost brother had returned. Now, how do you think that wicked boy felt when he looked his old prodigal father in the face, and said: "Pap, don't touch me; I want to go to work. I fed my pearls to swine and eat with hogs.'"

"Now, my friends, I want every old prodigal in this church to rise up and say, 'I will welcome my wayward boy home again.'"

About forty stood, and the mothers and wives wept bitterly. Many were convicted of their sins (not legally), and walked nine miles to the St. Johns river to have them washed away.

CRYSTAL RIVER.

During my stay in Hernando county I spent nine months at Crystal River, in the employ of Captain James Williams and his noble wife, Mrs. Mary Williams. Captain Williams was then manager of the Dixon Cedar Mills, and Mrs. Williams managed the large mercantile business.

Both of these noble and kind-hearted people are now at rest. The whole family was well and favorably known in Tampa. It was there that I also met the late Dr. Armington and his noble family, and, last, but not least, it was there that I met William and Henry Brooks, who are now cigar manufacturers in Tampa. Henry Brooks also worked at that time as head salesman for Mrs. Williams. Henry had a homestead about two miles from Crystal River, and mine was about fourteen miles. He being close to his real estate, concluded he would farm a little.

No man living can ever accuse Henry of working on the seventh day of the week, but as he put in six full days in the store and spent every Sunday on his homestead, and would point with pride to an acre of fine cow peas, saying he had put in many a hard lick in there, and had not paid out a dollar for labor, it did look a little suspicious as to when the hard licks

were put in. Henry invited me to go out with him late one Saturday night and spend Sunday with him. Mrs. Williams let us use old Dexter and her buggy. On the way out Henry told me he felt sure his pea crop would pay him nicely, as they were selling at $2.00 per bushel. When we got to the homestead we tied Dexter to a tree, and Henry was crazy for daylight to come, so he could show me his peas.

About daylight we were awakened by the most awful groaning. On going out we saw old Dexter about the middle of the pea

Full of Two Dollar Peas.

field, or, rather, where the peas were the night before. The field and the horse Dexter were still there, but no peas. Henry looked at me, with the saddest look I ever saw on a man's face. I looked him square in the face and said: "Brooks, were you lying about those peas?"

"No, Harry," he said, "I told you the truth. But did you think one horse could hold an acre of peas?"

"He might hold them," I said, "but I am not so sure about his living."

"Well," he said, "it seems like I play in hard luck. I have

been frozen out twice, and now I am eaten out, and my property is for sale. I am going to put it in the hands of Nick Barker right away."

A few weeks later Henry came in smiling and said: "Old Nick's a hustler. He sold my place for $15 cash, and only charged me $5 commission, and I have my ten in my pocket."

Right then Henry started in life, and now he is running and operating a cigar factory in Tampa.

Just to show the vicisitudes of a homestead life, there was, and still is, William Brooks, who took a homestead claim, and when he went to dig a well on it, went through forty feet of fine phosphate. When he struck water and tried to drink it, he found it was so strong of phosphate that it could not be used. So he had it analyzed, and then the phosphate boom started, and William is now taking it easy in Tampa.

In Hernando I first met Colonel Thomas Palmer, who was at that time working hard in the day for Parson Mays and studying law until late at night, and, in justice to Parson Mays, I will say he is in no way connected with Jake May. Little did I think then that I would see Tom Palmer climb into senatorial halls, and become a famous criminal lawyer. But these things I have seen.

I am leaving Hernando county and its noble people, on my way to Tampa, this April 28th, 1887.

I have just sold my homestead claim for enough to get to Brooksville and buy a ticket from there to Tampa. I sold it to a Mr. Marble, from Boston. He had recently been connected with the old Plant Hotel, in Tampa. He offered me $22.00 for a divided one-half interest, taking for himself the eighty acres upon which my residence stood.

I found out from Attorney W. S. Jenning, our late and worthy Governor of Florida, I could transfer the whole thing to Mr. Marble just as cheap as I could one-half of it. So I told him to put it all in, which he did. Marble never found it out until six months afterward, but he took the joke good naturedly.

He told me he had always had a desire to farm, and that it was his opinion the average farmer gave too much attention to corn, peas, rice, etc., and he was going to try a few acres in English walnuts, butter nuts, almonds, etc. He then showed me a peck of these he had bought in Tampa from Hal Scarlett, then of Drawdy & Scarlett, grocers. He said Mr. Scarlett told him after he got them started he could bud them into wild hickory-nut trees, and it would produce more and better fruit.

I have never seen Mr. Marble since, but I heard from good authority, his people "up North" sent him a straight ticket to come home just about a year after he planted his peck of nuts, and his last words at the Brookville depot were: "That fellow Peeples shouldered eighty acres more of homestead on me than I bought, but it has taught me a lesson, and in the future I will see that I get just what I buy and no more."

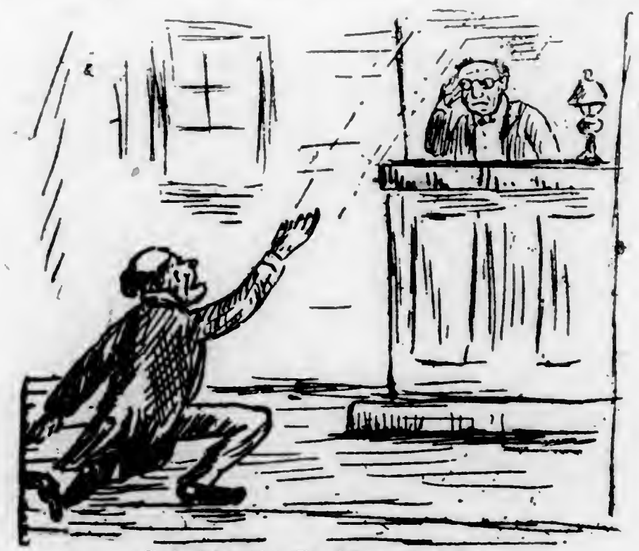
On my way to Tampa I stopped over for a day and night in Brooksville. The next morning I noticed some little excitement on the street near the court-house, and, on inquiring, was told

that Colonel George Martin, the famous Hernando county lawyer, was to argue a "pint of law" before the Judge, and the people for miles around had come to hear him. Old man "Tuck" came up and told me to be sure and be on hand, when it came to a show down on any kind of a "pint in law," Martin was the man to get. He further told me he had been defended by Martin five times on charges ranging from petit larceny to murder in the first degree, and had often been surprised himself when he would hear a verdict of "not guilty."

"Well, to tell you the truth," he said, "I look upon Colonel George Martin as one of the best expectorators before judge or jury in the State of Florida. Come up, sur, and hear him!"

I went up and was greatly interested in the argument, which was as to whether a man in a horse trade, when he told the exact truth as to the good qualities of a horse and absolutely lied as to its age, was guilty of fraud?

Just then the Colonel pulled up his pants, and out fell a



Col. Martin Seeking the Lost.

thirty-eight Smith & Wesson revolver. Everybody in the court-

room saw it, except the justice of the peace, who was sitting up in the Circuit Judge's chair holding court up there to accommodate the crowd. Of course he was the only one the Colonel did not want to see it. He kept speaking and looking the Justice of the Peace square in the face, and vehemently shaking his right hand at him, while this is the way he was feeling around in the back with his left hand, trying to find that pistol. At last, however, he got hold of it, and I was ordered taken from the court until I knew better than to laugh in a court of justice, sitting on an important matter.

Colonel Martin was representing the horse-age liar, and he (the liar) came clear.

In his ruling the Judge said a man who could not tell a horse's age by its teeth or the wrinkles under its eyes ought not to own a horse, mare, ass or filly, and "the defendant is discharged with the thanks of the Court."

Nothing in the horse line over five to seven years has ever been seen around Brooksville since that decision.

COLONEL GEORGE MARTIN INJECTS A SHORT CHAPTER.

Good Joke on Harry Peeples.

(Tampa Daily Globe, February 18, 1906.)

A good joke is told on Judge Harry Peeples, whose new book has created such general interest, by G. C. Martin, a prominent attorney of Brooksville, Fla. In his book, Colonel Peeples tells of an incident that occurred many years ago at Brooksville, when Colonel Martin was arguing a case before the late Judge Mitchell. Friends of Mr. Mitchell will remember he was severe upon parties who were caught in court "totin' weepins." In the

story, it is related how Colonel Martin was engaged in a case against a noted gentleman of the time, whose temper was of the shortest and whose record as a user of a pistol was well known. Knowing that any comment that he might make reflecting upon this gentleman might have disastrous consequences, even in court, Colonel Martin slipped a gun in his pocket just before going into court. In the heat and excitement of the case, Colonel Martin wriggled about so in his chair that the gun caught in the back rounds, and as he rose to make an address to the Court, the gun slipped out and fell on the floor.

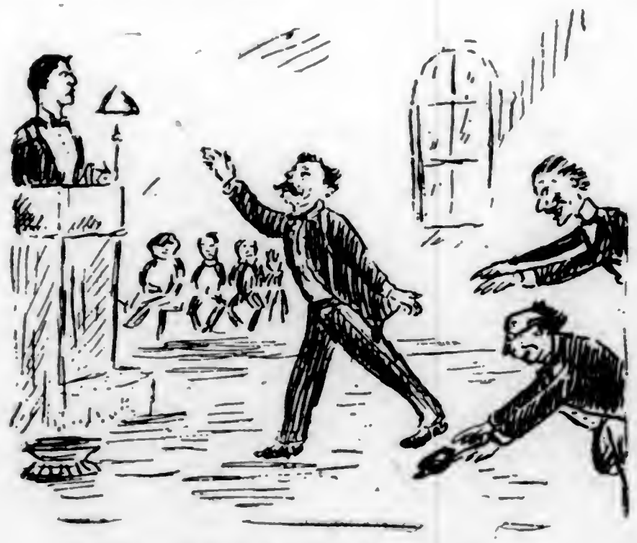
The incident did not attract Judge Mitchell's attention, but Colonel Martin realized that if he knew what was going on, he would unquestionably give him the limit for appearing in court with a pistol. He continued with his address to the Court, and apparently waxing more and more emphatic as the case progressed, he bent down close to the floor, shaking the forefinger of his left hand at the bench to emphasize his remarks, while with the right he busily searched the floor for the gun. Judge Peeples witnessed the incident, and in his book tells of it in an inimitable style. However, the ante-climax to the incident is as good as the former tale, and constitutes a joke on the Judge.

Not long ago, being ill and compelled perforce to argue a case in court, Judge Peeples armed himself with a bottle of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and took his seat in the court-room. In the course of the case the bottle wriggled out, and fell to the floor at the feet of Colonel Martin. Judge Peebles noted the intelligent look of his brother practitioner, but continued on with his address, relying on his discretion to keep silent.

Colonel Martin says that as Colonel Harry has that good story about him in the book, he wants to know why he can't interpolate a paragraph somewhere detailing this incident.

Yes, my friends, Colonel George Martin has told the truth in the above account taken from the Tampa Daily Globe of February 18, 1896, with the exception it was I. W. Harper's instead

of Hostetter's. My old friend, J. M. Burwell, of Bernheim Distilling Company, Louisville, Ky., prescribed it for my awful infirmities, and if you will notice a picture hereto attached, showing how Colonel George Martin and G. L. Larimore caught it



Snatching a Brand of the Burning.

almost on the fly, you will see they also had faith in Burrell's Harper as a cureall. I never got a taste of it .

MEETING TOM PALMER.

When I started down the Hernando county court-house steps, being led out, like the culprit I was, for laughing in court, I met a very well-dressed young man, who grasped my hand and said: "Why, Peeples, don't you know me?"

After a few minutes' close scrutiny I recognized Tom Palmer.

He was waiting for Colonel Martin to conclude his speech, that he might help examine him for admission to the bar. I had met Tom Palmer once before that day, which makes our first meeting over twenty-two years ago. Little did I dream then that he would end up in senatorial halls in old Tallahassee, and to-day be rated among the leading lawyers of Florida, owning his beautiful home on Florida and Palm avenues and his valuable property near Ballast Point, where one standing by the beautiful cool lithia spring, feels like looking northward and saying: "I will give you a southerland with springs of water, the upper and the nether spring."

Leaving Madison, Fla., a penniless boy, he went out into the world to succeed. His first position was with good old Parson Mays, nine miles from Brooksville, at hard day labor, and hard study of his legal profession at night. John Bishop was also working there.

Now, understand, this was not the financier and phosphate John Bishop, but just John Bishop, of Madison county, Fla.

Right here let me explain that Parson Mays, of Hernando, is not Jake May of Port Tampa City. Neither are they related. I mention this matter because I always look out for the welfare of "a minister of the Gospel."

John Bishop was splitting rails near the house, with which Tom was building a cow pen, when good Mrs. Parson Mays heard Bishop hallooing as loud as he could for help. She ran to the back door and called Tom, telling him to go at once to Bishop's aid. Tom grabbed the shotgun and started in a run to the place from where the hallooing came. This is the fix in which he found Bishop:

Holding Fast to a Good Thing.

Bishop yelled to him to shoot the deer. Tom took good aim at first, but just before he fired he turned his head and shut both eyes, and shot ten feet above the deer. He aimed again and went through the same motion. This time he killed the dog.

He then got a pole and broke the deer's back, and then Bishop cut its throat.

Hernando Method of Killing Deer.

I rode up in a fast gallop just then, having followed a wounded deer as fast as my horse could go through the rough woods. There was my dog dead on one side of Bishop and the old buck dead on the other side. I had shot the buck about a mile from there, and broken his left foreleg. Bishop had caught him, and Palmer had finished him up with a fence rail. Then the question arose as to whom did the deer belong? Parson Mays offered to play Solomon and the baby act on us, but we compromised by staying right there a few days. It was fine venison.

I think Senator Thomas Palmer still has the hide and horns as a trophy of his first victory in the woods. Bishop says there is one thing he knows, and that is one man can take hold of a buck, but he ought to have at least five good men to help him turn it loose, or a better marksman than Tom Palmer.

A SHORT STORY FOR BOYS.

Little Benny.

The slightest crust may save a human life,
The smallest act may lead to human strife;
The smallest touch may cause the body pain,
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain;
The smallest deed may tell the truly brave,
The smallest skill may serve a life to save;
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve,
The slightest shock may make a heart to grieve;
Naught is so small it may not contain
The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain.

Among about forty boys who attended a county school, and

whose parents were well off, there was one little fellow, Bennie Williams, about fourteen years old, whose father had been drowned several years before in the Indian River.

Bennie, with his almost invalid mother and two little sisters, lived in a small house on their Florida farm. They raised chickens and other poultry, and had a little vegetable, or truck farm, which just barely supported them. Bennie would get up at daylight every morning and work hard around the place, and as he had no gun, he would make traps and catch birds, and between times go fishing. He always had something in the meat line for the family.

Every day Bennie would walk barefooted and half clothed three miles to school, and just as soon as he would get to the school house, the boys with fine clothes and shoes on would call him little raggy muffin and little barefoot, as though the poor little fellow was to blame for being poor and trying to get an education.

At noon, when the other boys would go out to eat a nice lunch and play marbles, this little fellow would go off by himself and study. But there was at least one noble-hearted boy at that

Studying Amid Nature.

school besides little Bennie. This was little Willie Moore. Willie would go and hunt Bennie up, and offer him a part of his lunch every day, and speak kind words to him and cheer him up. He would show him how to work his sums and explain his lessons to him. This made a bright spot in that little fellow's sad life.

After a while it was noticed Bennie was not coming to school, and they wondered what had become of him. "Where is little bare feet?" or "Where is little patched pants keeping himself lately?" But they did not know, and, possibly, would not have cared, had they known right then. Bennie was flushed and burning with scarlet fever.

But little Willie went to Bennie's house to find out why he had stopped school. At the gate Bennie's mother met him and told him he must not come in, for he might catch the awful fever.

When Willie went home and told his mother about it, she fixed up some nice cakes and all kinds of good things to eat and sent them to Bennie's mother for herself and the little girls, and tea and sugar and other things for Bennie.

When the servant who carried these things returned, he had a wooden cage, and in it was a pretty little squirrel. This was the sad message he brought from the mother: "Bennie is dead. His last words were: 'Tell Willie all that I have to give him is my little squirrel. I wish I had more to give him,' and then he died."

Boys, I had rather be blessed with the legacy of a little squirrel, left by a poor little boy in return for kind words and acts, than to receive the wealth of the boys who wounded his feelings and added sorrow to his poor little heart and lonely life.

BOYS, MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

On life's rugged road,
  As we journey each day,
Far, far more of sunshine,
  Would brighten the way,
If, forgetful of self
  And our troubles, we had
The will and would try
  To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth
  We've little in store,
And labor to keep
  Grim want from the door,
With a hand that is kind
  And a heart that is true
To make others glad
  There is much we may do.

Life In The City of Tampa

Tampa.

And this is Tampa: yonder lies the bay
That Spanish cavaliers
Enchanted saw upon their unknown way,
In far and faded years.

That to their eyes so calm and placid seemed,
So bright and wondrous fair,
They drifted on with silent lips, and dreamed,
The Holy Ghost was there.

Here lies a fortress old, a field of death;
And here, as years increase,
The useless cannon hide their heads beneath
The snow-white sands of peace.

The Gulf winds warm the orange orchards stir,
And from dark trees like walls,
In long festoons and threads of gossamer,
The trailing gray moss falls.

And ships come in from tropic seas, and go,
And sails the Gulf winds fan;
And few do, or seem to care to know,
That here that March began.

That set the crown of empires in the West,
And gave the nations birth,
That stands like gracious queens above the rest,
Upon the throne of earth.

The town is fair, and fairer yet the bay,
And warm the trade winds blow,
Where lateen sails moved on their lonely way,
Three centuries ago.

De Soto's hands lie deep beneath the wave,
Dust are his cavaliers;
The cypressed waters murmuring o'er his grave,
The silent pilot hears.

In that far river where they laid him down,
Where low the ring doves sigh,
And oft the full moon drops her silver crown,
From night's mederian sky.

And here, where first his banners caught the breeze,
The peopled towns arise;
And his great faith, that piloted the seas
Beneath uncertain skies.

And dared the wilds by Christian feet untrod,
Is strong with hope to man;
And here, where touched the world's new ark of God,
Fair skies the rainbows span.

Oh, Tampa, Tampa, near the Gulf's warm tide!
Who would not linger here,
Where, on the homes the orange gardens hide,
June smileth all the year?

Where never comes the autumn nor the spring,
Nor summer's fiercest glow:
Where never cease the mocking birds to sing,
Nor roses new to blow.

Tampa of 1887-1906.

When I arrived in Tampa, April 28, 1887, I found a hamlet of about eight hundred inhabitants, with little crude wooden buildings, and the only fire protection, as was proven in the fire of June, 1887, was a nine-foot hose owned by R. Mugge.

There was not a single paved street. There was one little brick building on the corner of Franklin and Washington streets, owned and occupied by the First National Bank. It was there that I met my friends, the great banker and financier, T. Carson Taliaferro, now president, and Major D. F. Conely, now cashier of the great First National Bank of Tampa, now doing business in its handsome stone building, on the corner of Franklin and Madison streets. I am proud to say that friendship formed with the head men of this great institution still exists, and can never grow cold, because we renew it at least every ninety days.

The first lawyer's office into which I went in Tampa bore the name of Baron Phillips. He was among the first in Tampa to speak a kind word to me, and God knows "it helped to heal a heart nigh broken." He gave me desk room in his office, and sent me my first client, and did me many favors that are still treasured in my memory.

My first case was tried before Hon. Charles E. Harrison, and I have often wondered whether it was sympathy for myself or my client on which the Judge acquitted him, and let me gain my first case.

I remembered this in Clark Knight's first case before me as Municipal Judge of Tampa nineteen years afterward.

Judge Phillips' offices were then over the old First National Bank Building. As soon as the Sparkman Block was completed he moved up there, and took Johnny White and I along with him. I rented me an office also, and soon afterward formed a partnership with Colonel C. W. Stevens, who moved to Tampa from Madison, Fla., and is here to-day, and doing well.

In the Sparkman Building we had a most congenial crowd. Well do I remember, after we had all been in there for years, our landlord, Judge Bascomb Sparkman, went modestly around to some of his tenants, among whom was myself, and said he did not expect it all, but please to make him a small payment on the rent, in order to protect him against the seven-years' "peaceable and undisputed possession" law, as he wanted to at least retain his title to the building.

It was four months after I came to Tampa before the Circuit Court met. I had never appeared with my legal robe in a circuit court, and the boys had teased me a great deal about how Judge Mitchell would set me down, or sit down on me. I actually hated to see the time for court to open. I was so scared of the Judge that I had carefully avoided meeting him.

On the first morning of court I saw him going toward the court-house, and I went up to him with fear and trembling. I tried to explain to him that I was just about the least in his kingdom, when that noble old soul—that man among men—Judge Henry L. Mitchell, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Young man, my lot has been harder than yours. You are starting out to pursue a noble profession. You will meet smart, but kind, opponents in our circuit. I have often wondered why you did not call on me and get acquainted. Now, Peeples, come right in, and as long as I am Judge of this court, and you will do your part, you will stand on a level with and be treated with the same courtesies and rulings as the oldest practitioners of this bar. In any matter or manner in which I can aid or advise you in the future come to me."

Nineteen years after, when I looked upon that placid, kind face, and remembered his history from the plough to a successful lawyer, from lawyer to judge ,and from judge to Governor of Florida, I realized what a noble boy could accomplish by starting correctly in the morning of life and carrying that motto into the evening.

His beautiful and pure soul had already stood before the great Supreme Court, and I imagined I heard the words, and I know that they were spoken, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of thy Lord."

At that term of court there was a negro indicted for murder. Citizens of Tampa will remember the trial. Jake Clark was charged with the murder of Wash Sweeny, also colored.

Judge Mitchell appointed me to defend Clark, without money and without price, as Jake had neither of those prerequisites. It was neck or nothing, and I fell heir to neck.

Just as fast as a juror was seated I accepted him and had him sworn, until twelve good men constituted the jury to give Jake a fair and impartial trial. The evidence was to the effect that Jake, while passing Sweeney's house, was stopped by Sweeney, who told him that he, Jake, must quit lying on him. Jake walked off and ate his dinner, and loaded his shotgun. He came back and emptied both barrels into the breast of Wash Sweeney, who, as one witnessed testified, never kicked.

I put Jake on the stand, and he fully corroborated the State's witnesses, and we went to the jury.

Thomas Wilson, the famous Bartow lawyer, was then State's Attorney.

I spoke for two hours, and was afterwards complimented by

Held Them Two Hours.

the members of the bar, who told me it was the only kind of speech I could, or should have made. One went so far as to say if the law had had small-pox my speech would not have taken a fever.

Judge Mitchell called me up and told me he could truthfully say that while I had done my client no good, I had at least done him no harm. Then I commenced to look up a little and feel cheerful. Just then the jury rapped and came in with their verdict:

"We, the jury, find the defendant, Jake Clark, not guilty. So say we all. JAMES MARBLE, Foreman."

The Judge discharged the jury for the term and took a recess until Sheriff James P. Martin could get up a new venire.

The jurors tried to explain to the Judge that they simply did it for me, as they wanted to see me get a fair start in Tampa. But he turned a deaf ear and walked off, and Tom Wilson resigned, saying, "I will leave the young man with the asses, while I go up in the mountains and pray."

MY SECOND CASE.

Just after Jake Clark's case I had for a client a party charged with assault with intent to murder.

The case was set for two o'clock. When court adjourned at noon one of my friends from the country walked by me and pinched me, saying: "If I am called you know what to do, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I will take you."

"He intimated to me he was thirsty, and I invited him over to a "cool mixed drink" stand, where he soon got on the outside of three cock tails. He then asked me "if it wasn't about grazing time?" I took him over to dinner at the famous old Hillsborough House, which was then on the corner of Lafayette and Tampa streets, and run by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Groves, who are still living in Tampa.

After a hearty dinner we hurried back to the court-house. He seemed to thoroughly understand my case, and told me in a whisper that he would stay by me if he rotted on the jury.

He was the third juror called, and his ignorance of the case was wonderful. He qualified and was sworn in as a fair and impartial juror. After some evidence, and much speaking pro and con, the jury was charged by the Judge and sent into the jury-room.

In about an hour they came in and said they could not agree, and declared it a mistrial. The jury stood five for acquittal and one for conviction, and my man was for conviction.

After they were discharged I asked my man, the juror, if he thought he treated me just right?

"Why, Peeples," he said, "I am not to blame. It is true you told me all about the case, but you never did tell me which side you was on. You said it was a hard case, and when them other five wanted to acquit him I thought may be you was a prosecuting of him, and I fought for a conviction to the last. But

I was honest in my predilictions in your behalf, but that feller ain't guilty."

I simply had over trained him.

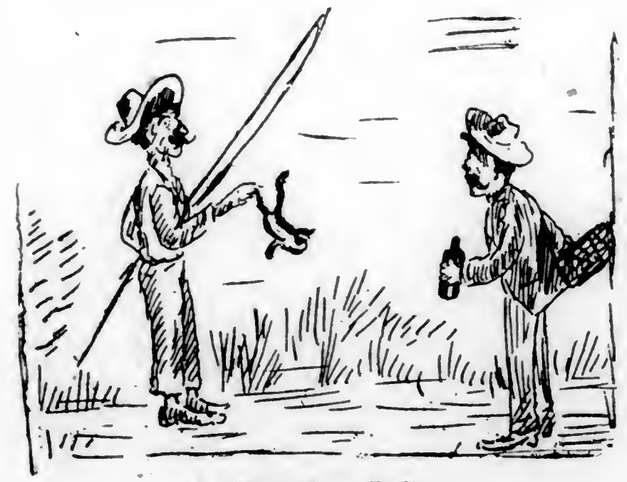
FISHING AND HUNTING IN HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY

Everybody in Hillsborough county knows noble-hearted, genial Sam Borchardt—know him not only as a man, but as a good and worthy lawyer of Tampa. There is also Colonel C. W. Stevens, another noted lawyer, whose friends are legion. Each of these gentlemen have a sporting vein. Colonel Borchardt loves fishing and Colonel Stevens is fond of hunting.

Colonel Borchardt met me one day on the street and told me he and Colonel Stevens were planning a little outing for the next day, and wished me to accompany them. He said some of his people were visiting him, and he would spend any reasonable amount to catch a nice fresh-water fish or two for them.

We soon made our arrangements. I was to meet them at the Lafayette-Street Bridge the next morning at sunrise, with the team, which I did. While waiting for them I bought a large mullet from the fish-house and wrapped it up carefully. When they came I was ready, and we started for the flat woods beyond the Electric Light Company's dam.

Colonel Stevens said he preferred hunting to fishing, and took his gun and went in search of game. Colonel Sam Borchardt said the line and reel was his sport, and he walked off a short distance. I soon heard quite a noise in the bushes. Colonel Borchardt was down on his knees, and had caught a spring frog.



A Tempting Bait.

He told me that Judge Mershon always fished with them.

In the meantime I had hooked the mullet that had been dead five days on his hook, and yelled to him to give me the frog, that he had a bite. He grabbed his line and out came the mullet, the only one within eleven miles of the place. He put the fish on

The Bait Watching Operations.

a string and put his frog on his hook, and told me now I could look for a good one. He sat there for nearly an hour before he found out where the frog was. Just as soon as he threw it in it had crawled right out on land and stayed there.

Colonel Stevens came up just then and he was awfully tickled over Sam and the frog. He whispered to me and said: "Let us give him a good one in the papers to-morrow."

We soon started for home, and when we got to Six-Mile Creek, Stevens concluded he would hunt around a little and asked Sam and I to wait for him awhile. We agreed, and Colonel Stevens took to the woods with his gun. About two hundred yards in front of us a good farmer, on his way to Tampa, had stopped to feed his horse and eat his lunch in his wagon. He had a fine turkey gobbler he was bringing in for a present to Colonel Peter O. Knight, who was going to give him a voucher for a fine Jersey heifer just killed by the Seaboard Air Line railroad, that being the only kind that road will kill.

The turkey commenced to gobble, and would stick his head high up above the coop. Stevens being in the woods, and not knowing that the turkey was in a wagon in the road, crawled

Why Col. Stevens did not Shoot.

over a quarter of a mile and ruined a fine suit of clothes. He raised up to shoot, and looked the farmer, who was eating lunch, square in the face.

When the Colonel came to our team he took me off apiece from where Sam was sitting, and whispered to me, "Say, Harry, don't tease Sam about that mullet and the frog. He is a good fellow, and if you mention it the cussed newspapers will add on to it."

"All right," said I, "your turkey hunt will keep me busy for awhile."

THANKSGIVING HUNT SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

Sixteen years ago I went on a Thanksgiving hunt. I was accompanied by that most noble among men, who is now at rest, Judge G. B. Sparkman, Colonel C. W. Stevens and Colonel Floyd, with Dred Hewett as captain of our boat. Notwithstanding the years that have passed since that outing, I can now remember every movement and preliminary for a daylight start. But am also free to confess I recollect nothing of our return that night—for we were very tired.

We left our boat at the mouth of Six Mile Creek, where it empties into Tarpon Bay, in charge of Captain Hewett. There we met Harry Howard. He came up to us and said he was almost beyond hope. I said: "Of what? Of getting a drink?"

"No," he said, "that would be too much to expect. I meant of recovering from an attack of the worst belly ache that ever struck mortal man."

I asked him if he wanted to lie, why didn't he put it on a snake bite—and then I handed him the treatment. Floyd had put his gun against a tree, and was making his plans to get a few ducks.

Judge Sparkman went in the woods to look for deer, and Colonel Stevens went in another direction, pursuing his favorite sport, looking for turkeys. When Floyd came for his gun Harry Howard was down on his knees crawling around, and said he had lost the stopper.

Howard Hunting the Stopper.

As Floyd had seen some ducks he hurried me off, and we left Howard still hunting the stopper. We had to wade out pretty deep to get within gunshot of the ducks. When we decided to shoot Floyd shot first. On hearing the strange report, I looked around and saw his gun barrels going into the air. We went in the direction that I described the barrels headed for, and found them about five hundred yards away, stuck hard and fast near the top of a white oak tree. As they were ruined we just left them there for our friends to look at, as some people think that the truth is too small to believe.

But the Ducks Escaped Unhurt.

We found Harry Howard fast asleep where we had left him, and just as soon as he woke up he clapped his hands and said: "Say, fellows, I know where that stopper is. I stuck it in the barrel of Floyd's gun."

"Where's the gun? Cal—gum h———," said Floyd. "You have busted the gun and emptied the bottle, now get back to your own hunting party!"

Judge Sparkman then came up, and we all commenced to get worried about Colonel Stevens. Just then we heard him shoot, and all went in that direction, and this is how we found him:

Coons Galore.

He explained to us he had grown tired and laid down under a palmetto tree to rest, and, looking up, he thought he saw a coon looking him in the face, but, not being certain, he moved to another tree, and saw the same thing; then shot and killed it—a fine raccoon. We went with him from tree to tree, until we picked up seven he had killed.

I was afterward told by John Jackson that it was on old-time way of killing them, as they always rested up in the bud of the palmetto. He further said that in olden times all they had to do was to go out and lie down under a palmetto tree and shoot the coon, and then cut the bud out of the tree, and you had mighty good eating. John Jackson ought to know, for he is the pioneer Nimrod and the best shot in Florida.

JEWELRY AND CLOTHING.

My watch got out of order one day, and I was inquiring for a

jeweler, when Archie Ross told me to go to the corner of Marion and Jackson streets.

I found the jeweler at his work table, near the east window of a little grocery store. He examined my watch, and then went right to work on it. We got into conversation, and he soon found out I had lived in Hernando county. He told me he had never been there himself, but had met a very amusing sailor or sea captain from there, and that his name was Jake May, and that May had made a most wonderful voyage with an old steam gauge for a compass, and had been to him to have it repaired.

On telling him I knew Jake May, he asked me, please, when I saw him again, to send him around. "I will do so," said I, "but who are you?"

"Oh," said he, "my name is Robert Mugge, and if you are keeping house here I will be glad to sell you your groceries. I I haven't a great deal, but I can guarantee them cheap and for cash."

He gave me my watch and I paid him, and walked around to the court house, to talk with Sheriff Jim Martin on a little matter. I incidentally asked him who Robert Mugge was, or, in other words, what was he?

"Why, he is a German," said Jim Martin, and he, Henry Kruse and a few others are the only ones of that nationality that can speak English, and anything that had one-eighth German blood in him they made vote for me, and landed me in office for a second term. Henry Kruse makes my clothes, and, of course, he felt interested in my being elected for a second term, as I had just bought a $45.00 suit from him to make the race in and was not prepared on delivery of same to settle for it. After he tried everybody he knew to see if it would fit them, and none could wear it, he told his book-keeper to send it to me, and just charge it. When I went to my office I found the suit of clothes and this note:

"Mr. Martin, Mr. Kruse tell me to charge the clothes,—but

say he vas not expect some pay at all nebber from you. Dey vas fit nobody else. He say he too much buisy for new order."

A CHAPTER CONTRIBUTED BY CAPT. T. LESLEY.

After deciding to publish some of my Florida experiences, I was spending an evening with, not only my old friend, but with the friend of thousands, Capt. Jno. T. Lesley, of Tampa.

I soon got him to talking of the long ago, and this is what he told me:

It was in the year 1859 that a controversy arose between one, John Messer and one W. H. Bouley, both of Hillsborough county, as to which possessed the fastest horse. Messer owned a valuable thoroughbred racer and Bouley owned a common Florida raised horse.

The discussion occurred at the store of Mr. Antonio Wardehoof,

A Famous Race.

twenty-three miles east of Tampa, on the Alafia river, and the result was each of the horsemen put up $1,000 in the hands of Messrs. Kennedy and Darling, then merchants of Tampa, agreeing to run from the store of Wardehoof to the store of Kennedy and Darling in Tampa, and the man who delivered a slip of paper at the front door of Kennedy and Darling's store, each being supplied with a slip, was to take the money—$2,000. Each was to ride his own horse. Messer weighed about 225 pounds, Mr. Bouley about 160 pounds. The road on which they were to run was known as the Government Road, running to Fort Mead.

On the day set for the race they started, as agreed, from Wardhoof's store at 10 o'clock. Each carried a watch with exact time. It was a close race for about six miles, when Bouley's horse began to drop behind, and at the fifteen mile post from Tampa, being eight miles from where they started, Mr. Bouley was out of sight in the rear, and Messer still going at full speed.

As Messer came to what is known as the Ten Mile Pond, just ten miles from Tampa, he gave his horse just time enough to drink a few swallows of water, losing not over half a minute. Then the thought struck him that Bouley was playing a trick on him and had taken a short cut on a harder road than the one he was on. This road was used constantly by the government teams, and was rough and sandy. It was then he began to apply both whip and spur, and at 11:20 o'clock, a. m., rode into Tampa at full speed, his horse steaming and white with foam. The rider had a handkerchief tied around his head was in his stocking feet, and had nothing on but his pants and undershirt. He dashed up to the door and handed in his slip, and rolled from his faithful horse, in a much more exhausted condition than the horse itself.

However, a drink of corn whiskey soon revived him. He had made twenty-three miles in one hour, twenty and ten seconds by his watch. Nothing was heard of Mr. Bouley for two or three days. It was finally learned that after having run his horse

seven miles, he saw what a fool he was to put a cow pony against a thoroughbred horse for a twenty-three mile race, and after he reached the eight mile post he turned around and walked his horse quietly back home a poorer and a wiser man.

No protest was made, and the money was promptly handed over to the winner.

Those were the happy pioneer days of Florida, and many are living to-day who will remember that famous horse race.

INDIAN RAIDS OF 1856, FROM CAPT. J. T. LESLEY'S DIARY.

Late one evening during the Seminole war, in the year 1856, Capts. L. G. Lesley and Jno. T. Lesley, started out from Tampa, where they had spent a day or two on business, connected with the service, to meet tehir command then stationed at Alafia, now known as Old Alafia Post Office.

Just about where the water tank now stands on the A. C. L. Ry. they met several negroes belonging to a Mr. Cross, who had a plantation near Turkey Creek. The negroes said they had heard shooting near the Carney place, and had seen Indians running through the woods.

Capt. Lesley gave the negroes a note to some friends who were still in Tampa telling them to follow at once. They then hastened on in the direction of the Carney place and arrived there about nine o'clock at night. Before they got within a quarter of a mile of the place, they could hear the dogs howling most pitifully. One of that silent, solemn crowd remarked it was a bad omen. When they rode up to the house, although perfect strangers to the dogs, they met them with a friendly whine and tried to lick their hands. There being no light about the place they hallooed,

and receiving no answer, dismounted, went into the yard and knocked at the door but no response came.

They then decided to strike a match, but to their surprise neither of them had a match. Capt. L. G. Lesley then suggested his son, Jno. T. Lesley, climb in a window and feel all through the room for a dead body, while he, the captain, would stand guard at the window. It was anything but a pleasant task to the young man, yet he could not afford to refuse. Taking his pistol in his hand, he climbed into the room, which was pitch dark. No moon, not even a star, to furnish a glimmer of light in that dark and gloomy room. He crawled all over the room on his hands and knees, even searching the corners, expecting every minute to hear the crack of a rifle from the hand of some savage hidden around the premises. As he came out from the room, they knowing it was useless to search longer in the dark, remounted their horses and rode on toward their camp. They had gone about one mile, when they came to the Cross plantation. Here was discovered a small light, and silently they approached, and were hailed by one of the guard. Recognizing the voice they made themselves known, and found it to be a detachment from their company. They laid down for the night, and arose with the dawn of day. After feeding their horses and breakfasting, at sunrise they started back for the Carney place. About two hundred yards before they reached the field of Mr. Carney they beheld the grewsome sight of a dead man lying stretched out, face downward.

A Victim of the Seminoles.

It was the dead body of Jonn Carney. His scalp had been taken, and was then probably dangling from the belt of a savage,

Killed From Ambush.

who was smiling with pride over his grewsome trophy of cowardice, having killed a defenseless man, as he walked between his plow handles, and left a helpless widow and orphans in that humble but God-loving home.

The trail of the Indians was followed all that day, then the party began to scatter, each one going a different direction, with the understanding to meet at a certain time and place.

A few days after they and the other commands were notified the Braiden home on the Manatee river had been visited by a band of Indians; that negroes, mules and provisions had been taken, and the Indians were journeying northward. These troopers hastened to the Braiden home, to learn that two nights before—a dark, rainy night—the family, consisting of Dr. Braiden, his wife, son and two daughters, the latter aged thirteen and fifteen years, respectively, and the old house servant, were all inside of the dwelling house, a two-story house built of mortar and shells.

They were a very religious family. It was a custom each night for one of the family, taking it by turn, from the oldest to the youngest, to lead in prayer before going to bed. On this eventful night the youngest daughter was kneeling with her face toward one of the west windows of the upper story of the house. She was an especially bright, intelligent Christian child.

Just before closing her prayer her attention was attracted by a slight noise at the window she was facing. Looking up, she beheld a savage, bedecked in hideous warpaint, with his tomahawk ready in his hand, bent on massacre. She also heard others, they having placed ladders against the house, and were climbing up to the windows. Instead of this little Christian child of God screaming out, as most grown people would have done, she clasped her hands above her head and prayed more earnestly than ever before. Calling upon her maker to protect that almost defenseless home from the cruel savage foe. Again looking up she saw the window partially open. Instead of going, according

Talking With the Great Spirit.

to habit, and kissing her mother good night, she hastened to her father, and told him what she had seen. He, of course, was inclined to make light of it and treat it as imagination. He started to the window, but she held him back, and begged him not to go, as he would be killed, saying, "Father, I am not excited. I know what I saw." He then saw the open window and the ladder, and knew there was no mistake. He and his little sons got their guns and closed and barricaded the doors and windows as best they could. Naturally, they sat up the remainder of the night.

The next morning every thing seemed quiet, but after cautiously coming out they discovered three mules, four or five negroes and a lot of provisions were missing. These things the troops learned on their arrival at the Braiden place. The troops at once hastened on. At noon they neared Oak Creek, which is east and south of Peace Creek. Here they halted in the pine timber to consult as to what was best to do.

Seeing a smoke across the creek or river and there being an open prairie between the creek and the troops, they decided to divide into three squads, one going to the right, one to the left and one straight ahead. Then on they rushed. Strange to say, the Indians never seemed to have heard them until they were right among them, shooting and yelling. The Indians, instead of putting up some show of fight, began jumping into the creek to save themselves, but out of eleven Indians ten were killed. The negroes and mules were secured and returned to Mr. Braiden, and others to whom they belonged.

One Indian escaped, but a little later was shot and captured. He confessed that he was one of the party who went to the Braiden home. On being asked why they did not massacre the family, he shook his head and said: "No killie Piganinnee when she talk to the Great Spirit. Good Spirit, same to red man as to white man."

On returning some time after to the place where the ten Indians had been killed, it developed that the members of the tribe had buried them and put poles around the graves. Also a small copy of the New Testament was placed on the graves, showing that savages though they were, they still had faith in the Word of God.

HILLSBOROUGH SHORT STORIES.

In 1888, when Hon. G. B. Sparkman was Mayor of Tampa, he very wisely had the old county jail condemned and torn down. About fifteen prisoners, charged with offenses ranging from petit larceny to murder in the first degree, were transferred to a little building about twelve feet square, situated near the residence of Captain Haskins.

At that time James P. Martin was Sheriff; Warren A. Givens Clerk of the Circuit Court, and Mack Cathcart head Deputy sheriff and superintendent of the jail.

One day, while Circuit Court was in session, Mack was comfortably seated in an easy chair near Judge Mitchell's bench, when Warren came in and made him move.

Now, at that time every body in Tampa knew each other, and we would congregate at night in the open air and have a jolly evening. On this particular night about nine or ten of us were sitting around a big log fire in front of the little jail, telling of the wonderful things we had seen and done in the past, and which we fully expected to do in the future, when Mack Cathcart held up his head and put his hand up to his ear and said: "Boys, that is Warren's voice, and he is coming here. I want to say to you all right now that he may take a chair from me in the court-room, but he won't move me from this palmetto stump

A Reminder of 1862.

that I am sitting on. I have faced more bullets in a day than he ever saw."

Jim Martin spoke up and said: "Stand pat, Mack. I am Sheriff of Hillsborough county, and if I had been in that Civil War things might have turned out differently."

Just then Warren walked up and said he was cold and wanted a seat. Some one remarked to him to go and take one in the court, or he would soon take one in jail.

I saw Warren run his hand in his pocket, and then Jim Martin shook his finger at him and said: "Now, try to scare somebody."

Just then about twenty-five No. 38 cartridges went from Warren's hand into the fire. Jim Martin and I happened to take the same direction, and we overtook Mack Cathcart and Percy Culbreath just about the time they had made a nice opening in Colonel Haskins' picket fence for us to go through. I think I heard Mack say, "God save the Sheriff."

I never found out how long Warren sat by that fire, but he was at his desk in court the next morning.

AS PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

On one occasion, when our present Circuit Judge, J. B. Wall, was judge of the Criminal Court, and Colonel Peter O. Knight was solicitor, Peter was unexpectedly called to Tallehassee, and asked me if I would act as Prosecuting Attorney in his place until his return.

As I was only defending two at that term of court, I accepted the honor, feeling that it would be about as near as I would ever get to being Prosecuting Attorney for that or any other court.

However, I slipped out and put the question before my friend, Mat. B. Macfarlane, who said, "Certainly, old boy, take the job and I will help you out."

The first day we started four toward the pen, and the next day we got two more. This was Saturday, and I expected Peter back on Monday, and Mat. and I being pretty well tired out, I nolle prossed his three and my two untried cases, and went out for a little rest and a hunt with Mat.

Peter was tickled to death when he heard what had been done, because, he said, Mat. had fought so hard on the other cases, until he wanted me to buck him awhile, and thought I had done just right.

MANUEL AMAT'S SEWING MACHINE CASE.

I cannot say just how many who are living to-day will remember the famous "Amat" sewing machine, but I guarantee one at least who does now and who always will remember it, and that one is the Hon. Charles E. Harrison, then County Judge of Hillsborough county, and who served in that office faithfully for about sixteen years, and is now a successful practitioner at this bar.

"Amat" bought a sixty dollar machine and paid, as he claimed, the whole amount, but the company claimed a balance of fourteen dollars still due, and replevined it.

M. B. Macfarlane represented the company, and that noble soul and brilliant lawyer, Judge Palmer W. Smith, who was my partner, and I represented Amat, who paid us fifteen dollars for a starter, and God and that sewing machine company only know how much Mat. did get out of it from start to finish, if the case could ever be called finished.

On the first trial we gained it, and Mat. got a new trial. Our client paid up ten dollars more, and we went at it. Again it was a mistrial. In about two weeks we got ten dollars more, and tackled it again. Mat. gained it, and we appealed and got a new trial and ten dollars more, besides the cost of appeal. We had another mistrial, and set it for another day, and got ten dollars more. Judge Smith and I went in to do our best.

The jury of six were sworn just about the noon hour, and I captured four of the six to eat with me, and Mat. got two.

We started in promptly at half-past one o'clock, and finished our arguments late that night. The Judge charged the jury, and they (or five of them) retired to the jury room. They soon rapped, and while they came filing in I saw each had one of Mat's favorite cigar in his mouth. I also saw there were only five jurors. I immediately called Judge Harrison's attention to this fact, and on investigation we found G. D. Powell, one of Mat's "diners," hard and fast asleep under the bench.

Judge Harrison turned red in the face and then as white as a sheet. Holding up his index finger, he said: "All sit down. I want no appeal or motion for a new trial. My costs amount to sixty-three dollars. I will, and shall gladly, contribute that to the one who in years to come might have these costs to pay. I am not a robber, and won't wrong either side. Good night, boys."

We got ten dollars more to settle the case. Mat took the machine and gave it to a charitable institution. Mr. Wells, the agent, sold our client a brand new one, and all hands seemed satisfied, while Judge Harrison seemed delighted to let his sixty-three dollars costs go.

After old G. D. woke up, he stated, in open court, "he was perfectly willing to agree to any verdict the other five brought in; provided it suited Colonel Mat Macfarlane; that he desired to be honest, if he did go to sleep.

SHERIFF JAMES P. MARTIN'S KIND, BUT DECEPTIVE, ACT TO A LITTLE NEWSBOY.

Just after the fall term of Circuit Court, in 1888, Sheriff Martin and Clerk W. A. Givens decided they would visit Bartow and other famous resorts and rest up a little.

They stopped over the first night at Lakeland, and the next morning, after they got on their train, a little boy came through crying out "Times-Union." Business seemed a little dull with the boy. Jim bought a paper, and after looking it over for a time, cried out: "For God's sake, Warren, come here!" Then he read aloud of a "terrible flood in the Mississippi Valley—over four hundred lives lost and crops completely destroyed—one child rescued by boatmen from a floating house roof." Jim then stopped to light a cigar and called the newsboy, who had been selling papers as fast as he could hand them out. Coming to where Jim and Warren were sitting, Jim said: "I will not scold you, but you have sold me a paper five years old telling about that awful flood of the Mississippi river. I want a new one"

"Done sold out," said the boy.

"So are the buyers," whispered Jim. "Here's another nickel."

AN ODE TO LAWYERS.

The devil came to the earth one day,
And into a court house wended his way,
Just as an attorney with a very grave face,
Was proceeding to argue the point in a case.

Now a lawyer his majesty never had seen.
For to his dominion, as one ever had been,
And he felt very curious, the reason to know,
Why one hadn't been sent to the regions below.

'Twas the fault of his agents, his majesty thought,
Why none of these lawyers had ever been caught;
And for his own satisfaction he had a desire
To come to this earth the reason to enquire.

Well the lawyer who rose with visage so grave,
Made out his opponent a consumate knave,
And the old Devil was muchly amused
To hear the attorney so greatly abused.

As soon as the lawyer had come to a close,
The attorney opposing then fiercely arose,
And heaped such abuse on the head of the first,
As made him a villian of all men the worst.

Thus they quarreled, contended and argued so long
'Twas hard to determine the one that was wrong;
And concluding he'd heard quite enough of the fuss.
Old Nick turned away and soliloquized thus:

"If all they have said of each other be true,
The devil has surely been robbed of his due;
I'm satisfied now it's all very well,
These lawyers would ruin the morals of hell.

They've puzzled the court with their villianous cavil,
And I'm free to confess they have puzzled the Devil;
My agents are right to let lawyers alone,
If I had them they would swindle me out of my throne."

—C. B. T., in Ex.

AS MUNICIPAL JUDGE OF TAMPA.

After having been in Tampa for sixteen years, enjoying a paying law practice and making many friends, on the election of that noble and big hearted man, Frank L. Wing, to the office of mayor of the city of Tampa. I was appointed by him to the position of municipal judge.

If the reader will bear with me, I will give a few little incidents of the life of a municipal judge:

A few days after my advent to the said bench, after having passed upon the guilt or innocence of several offenders, I was confronted by a well known face who had the charge of drunkenness and disorder, using profane and indecent language and resisting an officer, against him. After the evidence was all taken, I asked him if he wished to make a statement.

"Well, Judge," he said, "When you was a lawyer I had great confidence in you, and I still have confidence in you. You know you got me out of worse scrapes than this and never even put me on the stand. Now is I guilty or not?"

One morning I was sitting in my office, when that congenial gentleman, Edward R. Gunby came in. He offered me a fine cigar, which I promptly accepted. He told me that his "valet," then immediately noticing my puzzled look, said: "I mean my nigger boy, who has worked for me a long time, got into a little fight yesterday. I want to say to you, Harry, that I know you will do your duty, but whatever his fine will be I will have it to pay, and you know I am not in the custom house now."

I felt real sorry for Ed. and told him to go and rest easy and I would do the balance. He then handed me a neat little match

box, which was then being issued free for the advertisement of the famous Mora and Pons cigars, and a couple of C. H. S.," fresh from Val M. Antonio's popular factory, and a fragrant Principe de Gales.

I afterward found that three of these elegant brands of cigars had been given free with a match box, to patrons, every Christmas or general holiday. I had just received them myself.

Ed then thanked me and said he felt certain I would treat the poor negro boy right. The next morning the case was called, and the boy was charged with fighting. I asked him if he was guilty or not guilty.

Col. Ed. Gunby's "Valet."

I's guilty o' fighting, marse jedge, but kin I tell you why I fought?" "Certainly," said I. "Well, jedge, Mr. Gunby he send me to the house wid one package, and when I passed dat boy at the boot black stand he say dere sure one black nigger. Jedge, I pass right on, and when I come back dat same boy he say, dere he go agin'—a low down nigger working for a lillie white 'Publi-

can. Jedge, I pass right on. Then Mr. Gunby give me a package wrapped up in a bottle and a dozen eggs. When I pass dat boy agin', he say so every body could hear him,'dere goes old E. R. Gunby. Jedge Peeples, I come here to tell you the pure, unadulterated truth." Then looking up at Col. Gunby he asked: "Ain't that what you told me to say, Marse Ed.?"

I immediately broke in and said, "No matter what Marse Ed told you to say, if that fellow called you old E. R. Gunby, you did what I would have done—given him a good licking, and as long as I am judge of this court a negro shall have some rights. I will not punish one for what I would have done under similar circumstances. You are discharged."

CLARK KNIGHT'S FIRST CASE.

It is hard for one to realize to-day that only a few years ago Clark was only a briefless and unknown lawyer. Yet it is a fact that to-day he is a member of the firm of Knight & Knight, attorneys-at-law, American National Bank Building. No one knows who the senior member of the firm is, both being single men.

With all my ups and downs of two years as a police judge, one shining mark still sparkles to cheer me in the evening of life, and that is that Clark Knight's first case was tried before me. Do not imagine for a moment that Clark was a defendant—he was, and is a lawyer.

On my way to the court room, or City Hall, on the morning on which this mantle of honor fell upon me, Clark Knight intercepted me at Gordon Keller's corner, trembling all over and said, "Say, judge, I want to see you." Thinking I had a fight on hand

I commenced to prepare for it, when Clark cooled down a little and soon showed me that I misunderstood him and that he was on a friendly mission mixed with legal lore.

He explained that he had just returned from a six month's term at a law school, and during his vacation would like to practice in my court. I told him I would be delighted to have him; that I really thought it a wise idea, as he would not be required to know any law, and it would give him confidence in himself and that after he taken another term at school he would then be prepared to go before a justice of the peace and have his clients either pay the costs or be bound over to criminal court. After a third term at school he could plead his clients guilty in the criminal court.

"And, further, Clark," said I, "I know this is your first case I have known you from a child and am very fond of your father, Deacon A. J. Knight, and well do I remember when my good father gave me my first shot gun. He said while he was not superstitious, still he believed it to be a lucky omen to kill the first game with it I shot at, provided it was not a human being or any of our neighbor's live stock.

"Yes, sir," said Clark, "and God knows, Judge Peeples, I want to gain my first case and I think you can help me out if you will try, and right now I want to tell you I have it."

"Have what?" I asked.

"My first case," said Clark.

"Case of what?" said I. From the way you tremble it must be chills."

"No," said Clark. "Worse than that. He is accused of being drunk, fighting and swearing. He has up a $5.00 bond, and if we clear him I have an order for the bond."

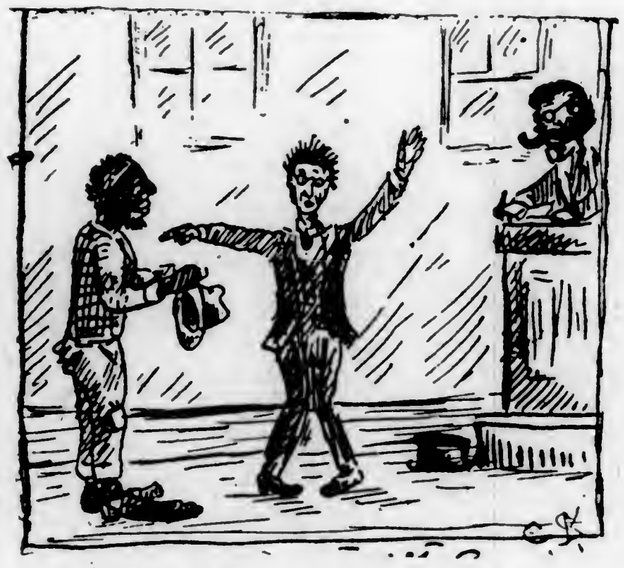
"Now Clark," I said, "take him off and give a few pointers. Let him tell me a plausible story and I will do the rest."

Just before court opened I saw Clark and the defendant in a hose stall at the fire station, under the City Hall, winking and

making all manner of gestures at each other. Just then they were called into court.

After arraigning the defendant, I told him what the charges were and asked him if he was guilty or not guilty.

He turned and looked at his lawyer, and I must say I have never seen such a look depicted on a negroe's face in my life, while Mr. Clark Knight's knees were shaking together although he spoke in a firm, but rather husky voice, and said:



With a Firm, but Husky Voice.

"Joe, tell the judge the truth about this thing."

Poor Joe looked me in the face and said: "Judge ef you want the truth, I sure is guilty as charged in the inflammation."

Clark immediately hallooed out, "No judge, he is not guilty."

Joe quietly replied: "Now, Mr. Knight, I knows Judge Peeples. I bin before him before and this is your first time and ef he catch us lying he sure will sock it to me. Any way how does you know—for you wasn't there—and I was sure drunk and was a cussin' powerful when I was arrested."

Clark still insisted that his client was not guilty. I then told Joe, the defendant, that I was from South Carolina, and thought it my duty to take a white man's word in preference to his and would discharge him.

"I thankee, judge," said Joe, "I don't want to dispute Mr. Lawyer Knight's word, but I sure am guilty this time."

GAMBLING CASE.

I had a negro before me in Police Court one morning charged with gambling. He plead not guilty. I asked him if he was not playing for money? "No, sir," he answered. "I was playing for chips."

"Well," said I, "didn't you cash up your chips at the end of the game?"

"Why, Jedge," he said, "I never had none left to cash up. Long as I had chips I would a played on to try to git even."

After a severe reprimand, I suspended sentence on him.

GEORGE R. MACFARLANE.

Everybody in Tampa knows big-bodied and big-hearted George Macfarlane.

A stranger, whose name I have forgotten, one day got in a despondent or suicidal mood and called George a liar. Just

then two licks were hit—George hit the stranger and the stranger hit the sidewalk.

While the latter was lying flat on his back, studying astronomy, some optomistic bystander remarked that George had nailed another lie.

However, George was arrested, and placed under a ten dollar bond for his appearance before me the next morning. When I went to my office early next morning, I saw the man who hit the sidewalk sitting there with a bunch of "forgetme-nots" over his left eye. He explained he had made a most unfortunate mistake in calling Mr. Macfarlane a liar and sincerely hoped I would not fine Mr. Macfarlane for correcting the mistake, then hurriedly excused himself to catch the next train north bound.

On my way to the City Hall to hold court I met George. He came up to me and said: "Harry, I have up a ten dollar bond. I know you will fine me, so I won't appear, and will just forfeit the bond."

I said, "All right, George, but it might pay you to come up."

"No," he said, "I had better not, for I would bet it would be more than the bond that you will fine me."

"Now, George," I said, "you have won every bet I ever made with you. But I will try it again. I will just bet you ten dollars against one of Gordon Kellers' best hats that you come clear, and I'll swear if you beat me this time, I am done betting forever."

George came up and no one appeared against him. I still have that hat, a $5.00 Stetson, and Gordon Keller said my luck was simply phenomenal.

COLONEL W. F. HIMES.

On a recent occasion in criminal court, Colonel. W. F Himes was trying or defending a negro for assault with intent to murder. It seems he had known the defendant in Sumpter county, and had often defended him before on charges ranging from petit larceny up.

Judge Gordon asked the defendant if he had any witnesses, or did he wish to make a statement?

"Well, Jedge," he said, "me and my lawyer, Mr. Himes, is strangers here, and we ain't had time to git acquainted with the witnesses. I ain't got none I could trust, but if we was in Sumter county we'd sure have them. So I will set down and rest my case, while Mr. Himes makes a statement to the jury. They might believe him, but I know they wouldn't believe me."

JUDGE E. V. WHITTAKER'S CLIENT.

At the same term of court another negro was charged with larceny. Judge Gordon asked him if he had a lawyer. He promptly answered, "No, sir."

"Have you anything with which to pay one?"

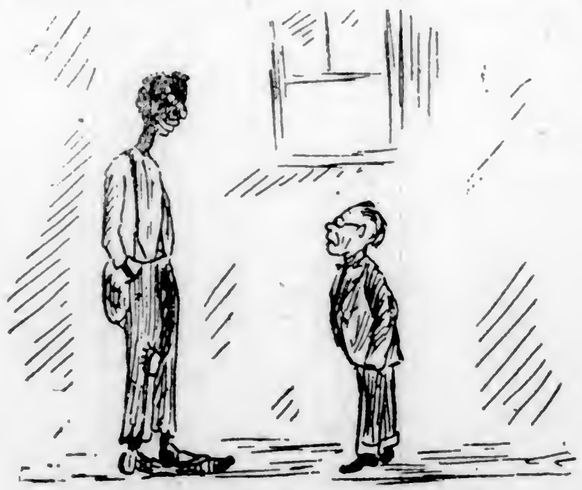
"Oh, yes, sir," he replied, "I got pussonal property."

The Judge looked over at little Judge Whitaker, and asked him to take the prisoner out and arrange his fees. They at once retired to the consultation room. The little lawyer asked the defendant what he owned, and how could he secure his fees. Looking down like this the defendant said:

"Well, lawyer, I has a pair of brand new pants I never wore but three times, and nobody kin prove I got them in Tampa.

Take them and do the best you kin fur me. I don't expect much outen you, but it looks better to have a lawyer setting around."

Judge Whitaker soon saw that the pants were too long for



The Long and the Short of it.

him, and referred him to Colonel G. L. Larimore, a good lawyer,

The Too Long and the Too Short of it.

six feet four inches high. Colonel Larimore then went out and talked with the defendant. The second lawyer found out the pants, while too long for Whitaker, were too short for him, and refused to take the case.

The defendant went back into court and said: "Jedge, your honor, all of these lawyers is either too short or too long for me, and I am ready to go ahead without a lawyer."

Just then he looked around and saw Colonel Tom Lucas. Looking up at Judge Gordon, he said, while pointing to Colonel Lucas, "Is dat air an aturney—he looks more fitten than any I seed yit, and me and him is about one size."

Colonel Lucas made a break for the back door and escaped.

LAWYER WILLIAM HUNTER.

Everybody knows William Hunter, attorney at law, Tampa, Fla., but better known as "Little Billie."

One day Mr. Hunter was defending a negro charged with larceny, and after the State's evidence was finished, the defendant was sworn and took the stand in his own behalf.

"Gentlemens of the jurors, I are a nigger; both of my parents were niggers, and I knows my place. Now, look at me, gentlemens of the jurors, ain't I a nigger? I's proud to say I has no white blood in me. If I had I'd cut it out. Marse Billie Hunter done tell me I got all to win and nuthing to lose, and not to plead guilty." Then he looked his lawyer in the face, with a pitiful look, and said, "What muss I say nex, Marse Billie?"

Colonel Hunter blushed and coughed and told him to go ahead and tell all he knew about it. The crest-fallen defendant then looked up at Judge Gordon and said:

"Judge, Marse Billie telled me more to say, but I done clean forgit it. Please, sur, let him go out and tell to me agin, for he done say I gilty as h——, and dat I will sure go up ef I forgit one word he tell me to say."

"Take him out, Colonel Hunter," said Judge Gordon, and try and impress it upon him, for these delays are expensive to Hillsborough county."

They soon returned, and the defendant again took the stand. When Solicitor George P. Rany asked him a question the defendant looked up at the Judge and said: "Jedge, I jist naturally can't answer."

"Why can you not answer?" asked the Judge.

"Well, sur, little Marse Billie told me either to say what he tell me or to keep my cussed mouth shet, and, Jedge Gordon, I done clean forgit it agin. It 'pears to me I are gilty."

"Retire, gentlemen, and consider your verdict," said Judge Gordon.

COLONEL SAMUEL FLETCHER.

During the awful ordeal of a two-years' term as Police Judge, I only had seven or eight lawyers before me as defendants. Among these was my friend of boyhood days, genial Samuel T. Fletcher.

Somebody, in a thoughtless moment of vanity and vexation of spirit, called Sam "a liar." Sam immediately called his hand, and the other fellow fell down. Sam was charged with fighting, and in court promptly plead guilty. I immediately saw the position in which I was placed, and looking at him I said: "Now, Sam, you say you are guilty. If I fine you, I know you will want to borrow the money from me, and I really haven't got it to pay your fine. So I will have to acquit you."

In his most dignified manner, he replied: "As usual, your honor is eminently correct, and I must say that I admire your looking out for your own interest, especially as the city is more able to lose than either of us."

A NEW LAWYER IN COURT.

In the past year ten or fifteen new lawyers have moved into Tampa. A few months ago a brand new one appeared in his first case before Municipal Judge Whitaker.

The lawyer lined up with six or seven witnesses and two defendants. As the Judge had never met the young legal luminary, he took him for a witness and swore the whole bunch, lawyer and all.

After questioning the lawyer closely for ten minutes it devloped that he was representing the defendants.

DR. H. P. BAILEY.

A few months ago Attorney H. P. Bailey was returning from a professional trip to Arcadia. When the train arrived at Lakeland one of the men passengers seemed to be suffering very much. No doctor could be found, so the sympathetic lawyer, after talking privately with the sufferer, gave him a prescription,

something like this: "Spirits fementi-con muy poco aqua." After the first dose the man was greatly relieved, and said that what he had taken for snakes was the straps overhead in the coach—those you catch just before falling down after a sudden start.

A few weeks afterward the same man got into a lawsuit and came to Tampa to employ a lawyer. He happened to see the sign of "H. P. Bailey, Attorney at Law," and walked into the office. As soon as he saw Bailey his delight was wonderful. "Oh, my dear Doctor," he exclaimed, "I am so happy to see you. Doctor, you cured me once, and now, if the lawyer is any kin to you, I want to employ him. If he is as good a lawyer as you are a doctor, the country's safe."

"But," said Colonel Bailey, "I am a lawyer."

"The he—— you say! Then you must be a twin brother of the best doctor in the State."

"No, sir," said Bailey, "I am the same man who prescribed for you at Lakeland."

"Well! well! well!" said the delighted man, "I want to employ you by the year for my doctor and lawyer. Here's $25, and put that same thing down in writing again. I want some of it right now."

HENRY D. WEBSTER.

Henry is truly a self-made little man, gentleman and lawyer. While he was in the midst of a trial a few months ago, defending a fellow for running a Bolito game, he worked his case for all there was in it, and when the defendant was put on the stand he put just such questions as would solicit answers for the benefit of his client, in regard to Bolito playing. Then he turned

the examination over to Solicitor Raney. After George P. had asked a few questions, the defendant looked up at him, and, laughing, said: "Call off Mr. Raney. You may think you know more law than Mr. Webster, but he sure is got you on Bolito. He sure is got you trimmed up. You might catch him on a crapse game. But I ain't charged with crapse. You studied up the wrong game. Ain't no dice in Bolito. Let my lawyer splain the game to you."

THEIR FIRST GAME.

Two young lawyers in Tampa took the defense of a darky for stealing four chickens from E. Tat. Kendrick, an old and popular Florida veteran. They—that, is the two "little early risers"—had been sitting around the court-room listening to Joe Lunsford and Hilton Hampton object to questions and take exceptions, until they thought that was the only way to try a case. So they agreed that first one and then the other would object, taking it turn about. They first objected to the arraignment of the prisoner, and kept it up. About the middle of the trial they got to objecting to the questions each other would ask, and George Raney saw that they were tangled up, and he kept quiet, with his head stuck under Clerk McKay's desk, the Judge being pretty well hidden behind a newspaper. One made a motion for a verdict to be instructed of not guilty. The other objected, and wanted Raney to make a speech and let him follow. Raney waived the opening and the other one objected to that. Judge Gordon then ordered a verdict of not guilty, and they both objected, saying they both wanted to speak and get the credit of clearing their man. The Judge intimated that if the jury found the defendant guilty he would set it aside, as

the Constitution gave the defendant the right of representation by counsel, and he felt in doubt as to whether he had had that benefit or not. "Not guilty."

MAJOR DOUGLAS F. CONOLEY

This is one among the few lawyers who made a success. He studied law in the office of Sparkman & Sparkman. In 1886 he was admitted to the bar, after having passed a rigid and most creditable examination. A few conscientious scruples forbade him going into an ostensible practice. Being an expert accountant, a rapid stenographer and an expert on hand writing, and a good lawyer, speaking Spanish perfectly, he is now cashier of the First National Bank of Tampa, Fla., and comes out of his private office occasionally to see if the rest of us have the proper endorsers on our renewals, etc.

I also have relations with that bank, but not in his exact capacity.

COLONEL JOHN R. JONES.

The poet laureate of Hillborough county, now a leading lawyer of Manatee and magnate of beautiful Ana Maria Key, contributed this wonderful poem to the world twenty-two years ago, and while it has been translated into many foreign languages, we still claim Tampa as it birthplace. Here it is:

A VISION WITH A FULFILLMENT.

The sun sank in splendor on Tampa's fair bay,
The long misty shadows marked the close of the day,
As the wise man Glogowski to sleep laid him down,
And so did his partner, the Rabbi, Ben Brown.

Glogowski he dreamed and the dream it was bright,
He thought that he stood on the Temple's fair height,
And he gazed over cities of glorious renown,
And his gaze ended up on a fast rising town.

He recognized Tampa, for the workings of fate
Had stationed him watching, both early and late,
With his partner, to gather the shekels so bright
That the Gentiles brought in there from morning till night.

At his elbow "a spook" stood with mystical frown,
And he said, "Oh, Glogowski, behold your fair town!
Rise up, son of Israel, thy mission declare,
And the people will gather and vote you in Mayor."

"The Assyrian, Ferris, you're destined to beat,
And the ranks of the Gentiles will suffer defeat.
Aim in thy might; with the vote strike them down."
So Glogowski waked up to the snore of Ben Brown.

They blew on the rams horn to summon the tribe,
And from Brockway, the taxman, to Bailey, the scribe,
From every quarter the citizens ran,
And Haskins and Moody each marshalled his clan,

"Now, friends," cried Glogowski, "with one mighty stroke
Lay low in the dust the Assyrian's yoke.
The ghosts of your fathers are all looking down
To see the great issue." "Amen," roared Ben Brown.

"Go forth to the polls, from now until late,
Vote early, vote often, and the smilings of fate
Will cheer as you deal to the taxman the stroke,
And any you trust not, just challenge his vote."

With a rush to the polls then each faction did fly,
Resolved with the ballot to conquer or die;
Some shouted for Ferris, and proclaimed as they ran,
"Glogowski," yelled others, "is by far the best man."

Wash. Fisher arose with the spirit well filled,
"Great Lord, oh ye Gentiles, my Savior he killed;
A Christian forever, a Christian I'll die,
If he didn't kill Christ, then just give me the lie."

Fred Fine, disregarding the words of the spook,
Ran a ticket 'gainst all of his own plucky hook;
But, alas! for the glories of Fine and confine,
Ben Moody and Haskins broke into his line.

Bill Jackson was there, and both lusty and loud,
His voice was heard cheering the boys in the crowd.
"No bar-rooms, no Marshal," and this motto he crowned,
As he laid the bold Marshal out flat on the ground.

And the votes they passed in and the challenges rang,
And the oaths of the challenged made the ballot box clang.
As the Rabbi, Ben Brown, with zeal over much
Refused for Glogowski to vote such and such.

But the evening came on, and again over the bay
The dim flash of sunset marked the close of the day;
And before great Glogowski in sleep laid him down,
"To the Mayor of Tampa," he drank with Ben Brown.

JUDGE WALL.

Hon. Joseph B. Wall, who so ably adorns the bench of the Sixth Judicial Circuit of Florida, I have known for twenty years. And to know him is to love and respect him. Courteous and congenial as a schoolboy, courageous as a great captain in the art of war, a gentleman to the manor born, before whom as judge the poorest men stand on a level with the wealthiest, before whom the poorest citizen may submit his grievances and receive the same patient hearing as would the ablest advocate. He was born in Hernando county January 25, 1847. After being educated from the common schools of the county, then a boy of seventeen years, in 1864 he enlisted in the volunteer service of his native Southland in the Civil War, and served until it closed.

Two years later he entered the law department of the University of Virginia, graduating in 1869, and on July 26th of the same year he went actively into the practice of law, of which he has made so wonderful a success, coming to Tampa when it was a mere village. From 1874 to 1877 he was State's Attorney for the Sixth (this) Judicial Circuit, of which he is now Judge. Resigning in 1886, he was elected to the State Senate from the Eleventh Senatorial District, comprising Hillsborough county, and was re-elected in 1888 without opposition, and was made President of that body without opposition.

During that memorable session occurred the great Call fight for the United States Senate, and "The Babes in the Woods." He was the first judge of the Criminal Court of Hillsborough county, Fla., serving two terms, resigning in 1898 to again accept the appointment of State's Attorney, again resigning to accept his present position of Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit of Florida, and this day (March, 1906) he is loved and respected by all.

A person who has never lived in a community where he is thrown among the Latin-speaking people has no idea how many noble souls you find among them, men who are true to their word and loyal to their friends.

Among these good people I have a friend that has proven himself true for nearly twenty years. I will try and describe him. He is red-headed, about five and one-half feet high, speaks English and Spanish; he is always ready to do or accept a favor, and his name is Max Caras. No one knows where he came from, or why he left that uncertain place, wherever it is. It makes him mad to call him Maximo, as he sticks to the name of Max, and refuses to add the "imo" to it.

Everybody likes Max, and Max seems to like everybody. He owns a great deal of valuable property in Tampa and Ybor City. He married a most estimable lady of Hillsborough county, whose good people live near Tampa, and everybody in South Florida knows the noble family into which good old Max married. It is the Purvis family.

After I had known Max for several years in Tampa, I was spending my summer vacation at our beautiful little city of the West Coast, St. Petersburg. One morning about daylight the watchful policeman raised the hue and cry, and soon had the

little city by the sea all aroused, and as he pointed to the bay this is what we saw coming toward the shore:

Neptune Rising from the Deep.

Max and his friend, Mr. Frank Sanchez slipped in the back door to the hotel, and, having heard the commotion, I was wide awake and recognized them both. We got dry underwear on them and put them to bed, telling the officer they could not escape him without some top clothes.

* * * *

The next morning I gave Max a note to Ed. Lewis, a prominent merchant of St. Petersburg, telling Ed that Max was all right for any reasonable amount of clothes. I watched him as he went toward the store.

Caras in Scant Attire.

He was promptly on hand at breakfast, and no one in the dining-room would believe that it was the same man that tried to walk the waves the night before.

The Clothes Makes the Man.

I had a long talk with Max after breakfast, and he assured me that he had swam seven miles, and had walked fourteen miles after he got where he could touch the bottom with his toes, and proved to me that he, during his swimming and walking, had never left the boat five hundred yards, and was never three miles from the shore. He said he just simply got mixed up and would go toward Port Tampa awhile and then turn toward St. Petersburg and end up at the capsized boat again.

A DAY'S OUTING.

I went out one day fishing on the lakes with great, big congenial Hal Scarlett, William J. Frierson, Colonel F. A. Salomonson and Fred Worth. This was in October, just before the hunting season opened in November. As a matter of self defense we took our shotguns along; not for snakes, however, as we went fully prepared to fight the enemy of man with his own weapon, "poison."

During the afternoon we met a man standing by the road side. He stopped us and said: "Say, fellers, I jest seen a powerful nice bunch of quail right back there. They are fully grown and look powerful fat."

We knew just what kind of fanatics Mr. Salomonson and Will Frierson were about killing quail or any other game out of season. But we all consented to go and locate them for future reference. Our friend had a crop-eared bob-tailed dog with him. It wasn't a setter or pointer by blood. It was just "dog." He told us it was as fine a bird dog as ever "pinted a feather" and that he had often known him to follow a person for miles who had recently eaten quail, setting and pointing as often as he got close enough to him.

When we got to the place the dog made a jump and flushed the covey, and it made Frierson so mad he shot at the dog and killed two quail. The dog followed in hot pursuit for half a mile. Then he commenced barking, as Hal Scarlett remarked, at the top of his voice. We went to him, and he had them treed up a large pine tree.

We had to kill eight or nine of them before we could get the dog away, as that fellow swore to us his dog would stay there until dog and birds starved to death.

After giving our friend a little snake medicine we started to leave for Tampa.

"Hold on," said our friend and guide, "I are a duly constipa—or constituted deputy sheriff under Jim Martin and are supposed

A Constituted Official

to git five dollars for every bird killed outen season, but I mean to let you fellers off light. Give me $1 a bird, and the thing stops right here, and ef you don't you must look Judge C. E. Harrison in the face, and I'll see that you don't lie outen it, too."

He counted up nine quail. My friends on the hunt knew I had $9.25. as what I bought in Ybor City cost seventy-five cents

out of a ten-dollar bill. I owed Frierson $4.00 for meat and Scarlett $5.00 for groceries, and Fred Worth and Salomonson said they didn't have a cent. So Frierson and Scarlett told me to pay the $9.00, and they would credit my account with it. So I got back with two quail and twenty-five cents, and the next day these two gentlemen had adopted a strictly cash business.

It made me a little angry, and I went to Sheriff Jim Martin and told him what his deputy had done, and it seemed to tickle the Sheriff immensely. He told me it was the only way the poor fellow could live was by picking up Tampa suckers, as he didn't pay him a cent for his services.

"And, another thing," said Jim, "didn't you use his dog?"

"Well, but, Jim," I said, "that is black mail."

"Oh," said Jim, "I thought it was called killing quail out of season, or violating the game law. Why, Harry," he continued, "that deputy ain't a fool; that is the fellow that sold Salomonson son the two young coons for bear cubs a year ago at Plant City. Did he sell the dog to any of you?"

"No," said I. "I want a certain whole family—Old Billy B. and U. B. and the others to own that dog."

PEN PICTURES OF TRUE RELIGION AND CHARITY.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day,
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease;
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best;
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

FISHING AND HUNTING.

A few years ago W. J. Frierson F. A. Salomonson, Hal Scarlett and Judge F. M. Simonton were charged with killing quail out of season. One of Sheriff T. K. Spencer's deputies reported them.

I was employed to defend the outfit, and when they handed me my fee, which was five quail and seven rice birds, they all told me that all I had to do was to sit around and every once in a while object to something—anything I saw fit to—but not to ask any questions or make any speech, and they would do the balance. It was fully proven by the defense the only bird killed on the hunt was one little rice bird, which was shot from the limb of a dead gum tree in the middle of a pond by William J. Frierson.

The Lone Rice Bird.

Judge C. E. Harrison looked a little puzzled, and told the Deputy Sheriff to take the stand again.

"You swore positively," said Judge Harrison, "that you saw

these gentlemen in the possession of quail. Since hearing their testimony, what have you to say now?"

"Only this, Judge," said the deputy. "It is the first lie I ever swore to in my life, and while I know that I lied, I did believe it until these men testified, and while what I saw looked mightily like a partridge, it sure was a little rice bird, because one man is more apt to lie than four or five."

All of the papers complimented me on the skillful management of the case. After reading them Judge Harrison was surprised to know I had defended the hunters, as he had taken me for one of the defendants, all of whom were acquitted.

DEACON A. JACK KNIGHT LANDED AT LAST IN SUMPTER COUNTY.

Everybody knows Deacon Jack Knight. If there is any one thing he can do outside of his official position except to sell land at a bargain, it is to tell how many quail he did, or did not, kill.

On the 15th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1906, Hillsborough county got too small for him and he hied himself to Sumpter county in quest of quail to break the record. When he got back to Tampa he immediately went to the famous Gordon Keller Clothing Company's corner, and was demonstrating to the boys how he had killed sixty-nine quail in one day, when Lawyer Victor Knight reminded him he had gone beyond the legal limit for one day. His son, Clark Knight, the well-known lawyer, whispered to Victor to keep quiet, for if his father was arrested and tried for such an offense the jury would never believe he killed that many.

Then the real estate magnate commenced to demonstrate to

us how the Sumpter county quail tried to run it over him.

Taking Advantage of a Stranger.

Gordon Keller stood quietly by, whittling on a piece of white pine, and said he had rather catch one fox with his hounds than to kill all of the quail in Sumpter county.

Just then a deputy sheriff walked up and took charge of Deacon Knight, and started to catch the first train for Sumpterville, Sumpter county, Fla.

The Deacon at once declared that he had only killed six quail, and could prove it not only by Ed Hobbs, but by the firm of Hobbs & Gibson, real estate dealers, if necessary.

I walked up to Keller and said: "Gordon, do you believe Jack is guilty?"

"No," said Gordon, "I don't. I don't believe he ever killed over six in a day in his life."

"I know," said Keller, "from one to two foxes is the best I can do with the whole pack of dogs and my negro, Jene Roberts. Excuse me, Peeples, Jack wants me to go his bond."

All Aboard for Sumter County.

DID YOU EVER RUN FOR OFFICE?

A few years ago the office of Judge of the Criminal Court was going around loose.

Things were dull in Tampa, and a good many people got to telling me of my wonderful popularity. As I had lived off of the dear people of Hillsborough county for about seventeen years, I felt it a duty to do something in return for past favors, and decided to make the race, and serve them for four years in the capacity of Judge of the Criminal Court of Record in and for Hillsborough county, Florida.

I went into a three-handed game, with Judge W. S. Graham (at that time the incumbent) and Judge Horace C. Gordon, the present incumbent.

We had each of us adorned the bench of Municipal Judge of Tampa, and each felt they ought to step up a little higher.

After the first primary drawing Judge Graham decided to step out, and I wish to God he had either invited me, or pulled me out with him. I just got into that Jack pot fourteen hundred dollars, and was clean out of tips, chips and other necessities needed in a political home stretch.

But Horace C. Gordon acted the man by me—he gave me a show. We drew at the general political deal—Gordon filled and won, and Judge Graham and I are still wondering how and from whence he got them. I am still trying to find out where I didn't get mine.

HON. ROBERT McNAMEE.

Napoleon's Mantle.

Just after Bob McNamee's advent into Tampa, and the people

had sort of quieted down over such an acquisition into our midst, the voice of the politician was heard in the land. He (Bob) made the remark on Franklin street one day that if he had the money he would run for office. Professor Turner, the well-known jeweler and oculist, heard the remark and asked him how much it would require? To which Bob replied, "I think I ought to get fourteen dollars on it."

"On what?" asked the jeweller.

"On my overcoat, of course," said Bob.

"Here's your money. Hand over the coat," said the jeweler.

Bob immediately announced his intention of running for the Legislature, and cleaned up the field, and still has that coat for future emergencies.

"Is the race to the swift or the battle to the strong?"

"Whosoever the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

THIS WAS NOT MY SPEECH.

A certain candidate who was running for an important office in Hillsborough county during the last campaign made an address to the dear people. About four hundred of them were present. He said:

"Fellow citizens, it affords me pleasure to announce to this mixture of high and low, rich and poor, that I am before you. Did I say before you? Yes, I did say before you, and no man can dispute it, and the office of ——— is before me, and I want it! I want it bad! Did I say I wanted it bad? Yes, I did, and if there be one in hearing of my voice who dare say my actions ever belied my tongue, let him come forth.

"I need the office, fellow citizens. I have lived among you

since the roaring and belching of the musketry and cannon of the sixties. I was then eight years old, but I stayed and stuck close to my people.

"Oh, where was my worthy opponent at that time? Go ask the vile beast of the forest. History has it that four years after peace was declared he crawled out of the Big Cypress Swamp and swore that he was tired of bloodshed and war, and if Lee would not surrender, he would surrender himself. I will send him back to his old hiding place before this political war is over, for here will I stand and brace me to the shock till I or Hillsborough county falls.

"I want the office and the only thing that can be or has ever been brought against me is my incompetency—but not cowardice or dishonesty. If elected I will employ a good and competent deputy to work for me. I thank you for your attention, and will ever pray for your votes."

FRED W. WORTH.

Did you ever meet Fred W. Worth? If not, meet him. Among many other compliments that could be paid him. I will say right here, he is a brother to Charles E. Worth and a personal friend of mine.

Fred's body weighs about two hundred and twenty pounds, one hundred pounds of which is composed of a noble heart. Fred came up and matured around here, and is still a living monument to Folrida.

When I decided to run for my first office, I went right out to see Fred, to tell him how popular I was, explain my plans and

get his advice. He listened carefully and attentively until I had finished. "Now, Fred," said I, "what do you think of it?"

He scratched his head and yawned, then said: "Well, Harry, you are a d——d fool, but I am with you from start to finish." He then looked at his watch and said, "It is now 9 o'clock, and it is my bedtime, but we had better start out right now, for we have no time to lose."

"Why, Fred," said I, "it is four months before the primaries!"

"Yes," said Fred, "and we are about four years behind the hounds. But I will kill two good horses and forty head of fat steers to land you close to that office."

"All right, Fred," said I, "we will. I will be here at six o'clock in the morning, and we will open up our hand at the rally at Lake Thonotosassa to-morrow."

"Hold on, Harry," said Fred, "I won't go unless my partner, Camilias Brandon, goes. He will back up anything I say on a camp hunt, a cattle round up, or a political campaign, and you had better take Frank Wing along to indorse for what you say."

All was agreed to, and I left for home. The next morning I was promptly on hand at 6 o'clock, and the first thing I saw was Fred milking his cow.

"Hello, Fred," I hallooed.

"Hello, Harry," said he. "Just wait a minute. I am about through now."

"Where's the calf, Fred?" I asked.

"Ain't come yet," he said.

"How much milk does she give?" I asked.

"Don't give any. She's dry."

"What are you doing then?" I asked.

"Just keeping my hand in," said he.

"In what?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I was raised in the country and commenced milking when I was eight years old. Every morning I had to

milk before breakfast, and I just naturally got in the habit of it and can't quit, and, wet or dry, I will keep it up. Come in, Harry, I hear the breakfast bell."

A Dry Fountain.

"Hello, here is Chicken Jackson and Wing. You know, Harry, Chicken is supporting Wing for County Treasurer."

We ate breakfast and then got in Fred's carriage, behind a pair of good well-kept horses and went toward Six Mile Creek to get Camilias Brandon. When we got to his house he insisted on our coming in. Of course, we went in. We then started off again and crossed Six Mile Creek and the Flat Ford, and soon reached one of Mr. Worthington's places, which was in charge of a clever old gentleman, whose nationality has never been discovered. Fred told me that he was a Hottentot who had forgotten his own language, and had never learned ours.

Fred talked with him by signs, using his hands, feet and head, and after a while made him understand that we wanted some water. He and Fred went to the well, and soon came back with a bucket of water. We all took a drink of it, and after we had driven about a mile, the Treasurer said he was sea sick.

A South African Product.

"Sea sick!" said Fred. "I want to tell you that the man who put it in grammar or any other book that three fourths of this earth is covered by water told and wrote a lie. Outside of that well back of us there ain't a drop of water from the Hillsborough river to Thonotosassa Lake. It was that cat in that well that made you sick."

"What cat?" we all asked at once.

"Why," said Fred, "I saw a cat in that old Hottentot's well nearly as big as a calf. He said it had been in there a week and he could not get it out."

"New ark," said Chicken Jackson, "I'm seasick, too."

After a few more miles we arrived at the Lake. A great crowd had assembled to hear the speeches. Each speaker was given twenty minutes, and that well-known and gifted politician, George Hooker, was the third speaker, and like the Irishman's horse, he proved "hard to start and hell to stop."

When his twenty minutes was up they tried to stop him, but George told them that he was free born, white and twenty-one,

and that he was by speaking like he was by buying crops of oranges and strawberries, he wanted all or none.

Hooker Wound up.

I got the stand at last, and tried to explain to the people why my opponent, Judge H. C. Gordon, was not there. After my speech a voter came up to me and said: "Shake, old fellow, I see we are both Gordon men, and you will find him the right man in the right place. Try and be with us at Alderman's Ford on Wednesday. We will land him sure."

Then Frank Wing opened up for the office of County Treasurer, and after the committee had stopped him, when he had gone over his time, one good old citizen came up to me and said, "While I am a Graham man, and I heered your speech, and know you are a Gordon man, can you tell me whether that man Wing wants to be treasurer of that Equitable Life Insurance, or jest an accident company?"

I ran back of a bunch of palmettos and knelt in deep contrition,

saying is it a fact that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own land?"

Feeling sick and disgusted, I said: "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician here?"

Just then Fred Worth touched me and said, "Harry, I am here! The poor ye have always with you! Cheer up, old boy. I have told them what you are running for, and old Uncle Abe Colson says he is with you from Constable to Governor."

On our way home that evening we stopped to convert a hard-shell W. S. Graham man. He asked us in and I kissed nine children and shook hands several times with the rest of the family. As soon as the good lady of the house went out to the kitchen, her good husband winked at us and pointed to a table in the corner of the room. Fred Worth got to it first. I noticed he kept it to his mouth a mighty long time, and then he handed it to me. I looked at it and saw it had a nipple on it.

Back to First Principles.

Fred saw my puzzled look, and explained to me that the good man had raised his nine children on a bottle, and had gotten in such a habit mixing condensed milk and tasting it before giving it to the babies, that he used a nipple for everything in the liquid line. Frank Wing then nursed and we started for home.

The next Saturday I was sitting in my office, when a candidate walked in and said, "Say, Harry, I came in town to-day especially to ask you a question."

"All right," said I.

"Well, now, Harry," he said, "you nominated me, and I am making a devil of a good race. Now, supposing I am elected, which I sure will be, what will I have to do?"

"Why," said I, "attend to your duty."

"Of course," said he, "but what will my duty be?"

"Your duty is to try and elect both of us just now, and I will tell you the balance later on."

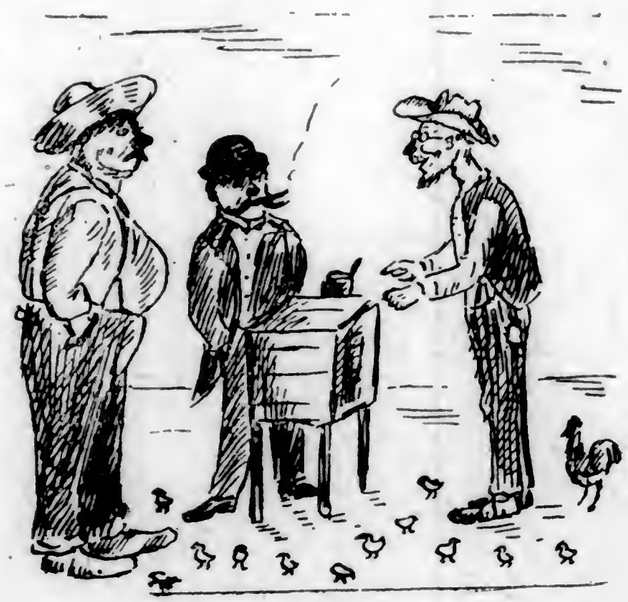
On our next trip Fred told me he wanted to introduce me to an old friend of his who had just gone into the poultry raising business, and was perfectly carried away with the subject of chicken raising. He told me if I would humor him a little he and his two sons would vote for me.

We drove up to the house and hallooed, and soon afterward the good old gentleman walked up.

Fred introduced me to him and said that I was a great fancier of poultry.

He looked me carefully over from head to heels several times, blew his nose, walked off a little ways and then came back and shook hands with me, and said:

"Do you believe in hatching with a hen or using a refrigerator?"



An Egg Refrigerator

Fred pinched me and whispered "say refrigerator," which I did.

The good old man grabbed my hand and shook it again, and said, "If ever you run for office I am with you, for you have some sense. A hen sets on thirteen, hatches nine and raises five. I can hatch three hundred in this refrigerator and raise two-thirds of them, and save my hens three weeks' setting."

I got Fred off a piece and asked him what the old man meant about hatching chickens in a refrigerator?

"Ain't you got any sense?" said Fred. "He means an incubator, but he always calls it his refrigerator."

When we went to drive off he told me that he was a Republican, and would always be glad to vote for me, provided I was with M. B. Macfarlane and Will Bean. The former is now serving his fourth term as Collector of Customs at Tampa and Mr. Bean is our postmaster. My old Republican friend still sticks to

his refrigerator and the Republican party. At the present writing (March 14, 1906) Fred is on the petit jury, and I am defending a negro, and I am sure of at least a mistrial.

On our way home we met a party of hunters. We soon saw that they were not voters, still we treated them kindly. They had several crane with them they had killed.

A Wonderful Specimen.

While we were examining them one of the hunters, who was from Boston, said he had killed an ivory bill woodpecker, which he wished to preserve, and asked our driver if he knew of a taxidermist in Tampa?

'Yes, sir," said our driver, but we don't call them by that name. Mr. Charlie Worth is our Tax Collector and Mr. Ivy Register is our Tax Assessor."

The hunter then held up a common Florida yellow hammer and we drove on.

MAJOR CHARLES WRIGHT.

This is the way the Major came to Tampa, and now he is

Major Wright Coming to Tampa.

undoubtedly one of the best and most successful business men of this city. He has the highest respect and confidence of all throughout the State of Florida. See him standing in front of his new Hillsborough Hotel to-day:

Major Wright, Now of Tampa.
Independent.

THOMAS W. JONES.

Tom Jones and his Earthly Possessions.

This is the way Tom came to Hillsborough county twelve years ago:

When he got to Port Tampa he traded the mule for two milch cows, ten hens and a rooster.

He arranged to take charge of Judge Lock's fine orange grove and worked it for his house rent. He went into the milk and poultry business with his limited stock of cattle and poultry, and to-day the records of Hillsborough county will show that he owns the finest orange grove and one-fifth of Port Tampa City, and is still buying it up.

He is also general and financial agent for Colonel Prescott, who owns valuable property in this county.

Tom now has his two daughters at Sutherland Seminary, and has a most comfortable home and residence on his grove. Energy and fair dealing was, and is, the motto that made this man.

W. B. HENDERSON.

Captain W. B. Henderson is the true exemplification of a self-made man. When but seven years old he came from North Georgia to Tampa, with an invalid father, and who was almost penniless. The good father, however, lived for six years, and at his death left a widow and five sons. One of these bright boys is to-day, possibly, Tampa's foremost citizen, Captain W. B. Henderson. His life has been a series of successes, but this was brought about, not by chance, but through his honorable conduct and keen appreciation of business affairs.

To-day, at the age of sixty-six years, he lives in his beautiful home on Tampa Heights, while near by are the homes of his children and their children.

Forty-six years ago Captain Henderson gained the prize of a noble wife and help mate, who, with a bright smile and good cheer, crossed rocky roads and troubled waters bravely by his side.

I will always remember the first time I met Captain Henderson. It was after the fever epidemic of 1887. I was not only out of money, but very near without clothes, as most of the latter had been disinfected in a blazing fire. He stopped near where Gidden's store now stands and after a short talk took me down to his office, near the river, and handed me the biggest fifty dollars I ever saw in my life.

A grand characteristic of the man is his great love of his home and family, and his fairness toward men of all classes.

The Lawyers of Tampa

The Lawyers of Tampa.

JUDGE F. M. SIMONTON.

Frank Simonton came to Tampa fresh from the University of Virginia law department.

His first honors were those of chairman of the Hillsborough Democratic Executive Committee, followed by Municipal Judge of the city of Tampa, and then as Prosecuting Attorney for the Criminal Court of Records of Hillsborough county, Florida, for two terms.

These positions he filled with credit and honor, and to-day is a power in legal and political ranks, crediting much of the arduous office work to that brilliant young lawyer, Harry Williams, as his assistant.

CRAIG PHILLIPS.

Craig Phillips is one among the most brilliant young lawyers of Florida. Craig received his primary education in Tampa, then went to Emory College, Oxford, Ga., and after a most creditable course there, entered the law department of the University of Virginia in 1900, and graduated with high honors in 1902.

Returning to his Tampa home, he went into copartnership with his gifted father, Hon. Baron Phillips, who had just finished a four-year term as Judge of our Circuit Court, and was advisor of the Board of County Commissioners. At the time of the untimely death of Judge Phillips, Craig, a mere boy in age, but

a giant in brains, was appointed to fill the vacancy May 1, 1904, and is still doing great credit in that important position, to both his county and his noble father, now at rest.

PETER O. KNIGHT.

"And still they gazed and yet the wonder grew,
That one small head held all that Peter knew."

Peter O. Knight, who is a comparatively young man to-day, was born in 1866. His father died when he was nine years old. He was the only child, living with his widowed mother in Indiana.

At an early age he graduated from the Valpariso Law School.

He moved from Indiana to Fort Myers, Fla., which was then in Monroe county, Key West being the county seat.

Soon after moving there, and before he was of age, he was instrumental in having the county divided, and Fort Myers incorporated. He was immediately elected the city's first Mayor.

That year the Democrats nominated him, without his knowledge, for the Legislature, but he had to decline on account of his not being of age.

He married a daughter of one of South Carolina's bravest and most highly esteemed veteran gentlemen, Captain T. D. Frierson, of Sumpter, S. C.

Peter now enjoys life with his wife and two little sons at his elegant mansion in Hyde Park, where many friends are often royally entertained and made happy by Peter's smile and hearty hand-shake and the unfeigned welcome of the wife that always follows under all conditions the aristocracy of her State.

Peter O. Knight came to Tampa in 1889 and was the first Prosecuting Attorney of the Criminal Court. He resigned that position to accept the position of State's Attorney for the Sixth Circuit, and later resigning that on account of his immense law practice.

I will mention a few of his duties, legally, fraternally and socially:

President of the Tampa Investment and Securities Company.
Vice-president of the following companies:
Tampa Steam Ways Company.
Tampa Tribune Publishing Company.
Ybor City Land and Improvement Company.
Street Railroad Company.
Electric Light Company.
Also director and attorney of all the above companies.
Director and attorney for the following companies:
Tampa Gas Company.
Exchange National Bank.
Florida Brewing Company.
Plant City, Arcadia and Gulf Railway.
Tampa Building and Loan Association.
Tampa Hardware Company.
Tampa Ice Delivery Company.
Warnell Lumber and Veneer Company.
Tropical Ice Company.
Attorney for the following:
Seaboard Air Line Railway.
Tampa Water-Works Company.
Havana-American Cigar Company.
Southern Bell Telephone Company.
Ybor City Building and Loan Association.
And a number of other institutions.
A member of the Knights of Pythias.
Woodmen of the World.
Elks.
Thirty-third Degree Mason.
Knights Templar.
Member of
Cherokee Club.

Crescent Club.
Spanish Casino.
German Club.
Sons of American Revolution.
Military Order of Foreign Wars.

This last membership he has by reason of the fact that his grandfather, Richard Knight, was in the war of 1812 as a captain.

JOHN P. WALL.

John P. Wall, a cracker to the manor born, a son of the late famous Dr. John P. Wall, Sr. To-day, although yet a young man, is rated among the leading lawyers of the State of Florida. He graduated at Columbia Law School in 1887, and is often consulted by the old practitioners of the State on deep points of law.

JOE LUNSFORD.

This little book is too small to hold a description of Colonel Joe Lunsford. If I tried to tell all of his merits, he would "save a hundred exceptions," and end up in the Supreme Court. He is among the hardest workers and closest students in the State.

CONGRESSMAN SPARKMAN.

Stephen M. Sparkman, whose wonderful boy intellect was soon noticed by such men as Captain William B. Henderson and others, was taken barefooted from the plain and made teacher in a little country school-house, teaching many who were years his senior. By strict attention to his duties, and at nights applying himself to a close study of law, he was able to enter that profession, and to-day he stands a mighty but modest power in congressional halls and is the pride of Florida.

SOLON B. TURMAN.

Solon B. Turman, another product of whom South Florida is proud. He is known as one of the deepest civil lawyers of our circuit.

JUDGE G. B. SPARKMAN.

It has been my fortunate pleasure in Tampa to meet and be associated with such brilliant and noble professional men as Judge G. B. Sparkman—that noble man and hero who is now at rest in God's earthly acre, and his heavenly kingdom. He was taken in early manhood, just as he was reaching the top step of the ladder of fame.

KELSIE BLANTON.

Kelsie Blanton, born and raised in Hillsborough county, is a rising young lawyer, starting out under the advice and careful training in his legal profession of Colonel Robert McNamee, and is now a warm member in the race for Municipal Judge of Tampa. We predict a rapid and high climb on the famous ladder for Kelsie.

JOHN C. WHITE.

John C. White, as a man and lawyer is truly a credit to his profession and to the State of Florida.

HON. CHARLES E. HARRISON.

Hon. Charles E. Harrison, a Christian, a true, brave, noble man, a deep and first-class lawyer. After having served as county judge for sixteen years, went back into a fine practice, with a tribute from the people of "well done."

JONES & GIBSON.

A rising law firm composed of the above mentioned young lawyers, who are rapidly rising with credit to the profession.

HON. FRANCIS M. ROBLES.

Hon. Francis M. Robles, now County Judge of Hillsborough county, is a thoughtful, kind and fearless officer; a brilliant lawyer, and a product of and credit to his county—and Hillsborough produced him.

EMILE V. WHITAKER.

Emile V. Whitaker, who made his way through school by working during vacation in his earlier days, with a saw and hammer, to-day is Municipal Judge of Tampa and has a fine law practice.

JUDGE J. F. GLENN.

Judge J. F. Glenn is from sunny Scotland, and his wonderful ability almost started him as one of the Supreme Justices of the State of Florida. Here he served a term and resigned, and is now a member of the law firm of Macfarlane, Glenn & Graham.

WILLIAM A. CARTER.

William A. Carter, of the great law firm of Sparkman, Carter & Sparkman, than whom none higher stands socially or professionally, started out well prepared in his profession—starting where many others have never reached. And, first, but not least, Stephen M. Sparkman, who started at the plow, and to-day is a leader in congressional halls, was from his home district.

JUDGE W. S. GRAHAM.

Judge W. S. Graham is a lawyer whose past career as a judge and a lawyer insures a wonderful success in the future, and he is still a young man.

CHARLES C. WHITAKER.

Charles C .Whitaker, a self-made man of whom Manatee and Hillsborough counties are proud, and is known in Manatee as "our Charlie."

SAMUEL BORCHARDT.

Samuel Borchardt, a lawyer and a gentleman which marks him as one to be copied by young manhood.

DAVIS & HAMPTON.

The very name of Robert W. Davis—our "Bob"—is sufficient, and to come in contact with Hilton S. Hampton means admiration for him as a man and the highest esteem as a lawyer.

MELVIN GIBBONS.

Melvin Gibbons started as a poor clerk, and to-day is one of the city's leading lawyers. For years he was of the strong firm of Gunby & Gibbons, recently dissolved.

LAMAR SPARKMAN.

Lamar Sparkman is following rapidly in the footsteps of his illustrious father (our Deep-Water Steve), and a grand legal success is his future.

HON. ROBERT M'NAMEE.

Bob came from the State of Florida at large, and before he had time to say "howdy," the people of Hillsborough county landed him, overcoat and all, into the Legislature. Two years afterward, if Steve Sparkman, our congressman, had had small-pox, Bob would have taken varioloid, or a hot fever. But he came out normal, and is now taking deep-water baths at our port, prescribed by Steve and the United States Government.

M. HENRY COHEN.

M. Henry Cohen, or better known as Captain Cohen, is a successful lawyer and a great worker in the military service, many important societies of Tampa, and is secretary of our Bar Association.

COLONEL HUGH C. MACFARLANE.

Hugh Macfarlane, a highland Scottish chief, came to Tampa about twenty-four years ago a poor man, and to-day he is rated among the wealthiest and leading lawyers of Florida. He has built him a city—West Tampa—and owns large interests therein. He is senior member of the well-known law firm of Macfarlane, Glenn & Greham.

THOMAS SHACKELFORD.

Thomas Shackelford came from old Hernando county to Tampa, and after several years of a lucrative practice, we recognized his great ability, and to-day he is one of our Supreme Court Justices. We feel proud of him. Whenever they move to Tampa from other counties and outgrow old Hillsborough county, we keep on promoting them.

HON. M. B. MACFARLANE.

M. B. Macfarlane started in the practice of his profession—law—in Tampa while a comparative boy—twenty years of age. By hard study, close attention to business and an untiring energy, backed by a noble and cheerful disposition, he not only rose high in his profession, but is a political leader in Republican politics. He is now serving his fourth term as Collector of Customs of this port. He is the senior member of the law firm of M. B. Macfarlane and Kennis McKay, the latter being a shining star and a legal light in the city of his birth, Tampa.

FRANK CLARK.

Frank came to Tampa from Bartow, but soon outgrew Tampa and moved to Jacksonville. Even that city got too small for him, and the good people sent him to Washington and to Congress. We will try and hold him within the confines of these United States. He got away from us once, and got over the western line, but Frank came back.

HENRY D. WEBSTER.

Henry D. Webster is a model and brilliant young lawyer. He has recently formed a partnership with that far-famed barrister, Colonel Charles Files, late of Jacksonville, Fla.

HENRY P. BAILEY.

Henry P. Bailey moved to Tampa a few years ago, and opened his law office, and to-day has a fine practice. He is the owner of some valuable real estate, and is a tireless worker in the Democratic ranks. He was one of our last presidential electors.

JUDGE PALMER W. SMITH.

Among the most beautiful natures I have ever known was Palmer W. Smith, who left his home in Ohio and came to Tampa with his family. On his arrival I was introduced to him by Charles and Hewett Hill, whose sister married Judge Smith some years previous in Ohio.

From his noble and manly nature I learned a beautiful lesson; from his polished and gentlemanly manners I felt each day improved; in his literary and legal education I found a fountain of truth and learning.

A loving father, a true and devoted husband; faithful to his friends and having no enemies, his mound bears the true epitaph, "At Rest."

GEORGE P. RANEY, JR.

If there is a young man in the State of Florida who can more than rival George P. Raney, Jr., in his phenomenal success as as lawyer, we want to meet him. George came here a comparative boy, freshly admitted to the bar, and soon after formed a copartnership with Hon. M. B. McFarlane in the practice of law. After a few years' lucrative practice in that well-known and reliable firm, he was elected by a handsome vote Solicitor of the Criminal Court of Record, in and for Hillsborough county, Florida, and made his first appearance in his new and important role before Hon. Horace C. Gordon as the newly-elected and worthy judge of that court. Whenever George Raney tells a violator of law that his case will be tried on a certain day, the unfortunate defendant always looks forward to a Raney day. Protecting the innocent, prosecuting what he thinks the guilty, he has proven himself a fair and fearless officer, following in the footsteps of his illustrious father, who climbed from a lawyer to the bench of Supreme Justice of Florida.

JUDGE O. S. FARR.

Whenever I know or meet a man who is sought and loved by little children, I at once conclude that he is respected and honored by men and the sons of men. That is the kind of man I met when I met noble, kind-hearted Judge Orrin S. Farr. He is a careful lawyer, a kind advisor and a positive judge and advocate. Judge Farr was appointed referee in bankruptcy by Judge Lock, judge of our United States Court for this district, and gave the most perfect satisfaction, discharging his duties kindly, yet fearlessly, and to-day has a fine law practice, and knows no Mason and Dixon line, but loves and praises his adopted Southland.

When one visits Judge Farr at his beautiful Hyde Park residence and enjoys his natural hospitality, do not think you have seen it all, for "Sunny Knob," on the Manatee, his typical Florida farm, is his pride and his joy.

Judge Farr left a legion of friends in his native State of Ohio to become a fixture and an acquisition to Tampa, Florida. It is to be hoped Ohio can spare some more just like him, if they are not too scarce.

KNIGHT & KNIGHT.

This is a firm composed of two brilliant sons of Florida, Victor H. Knight and Clark Knight, attorneys at law. They both are shining lights in their profession.

COLONEL SAMUEL T. FLETCHER.

Samuel Fletcher, the orator of our Sixth Judicial Circuit, and rated among the finest and most successful criminal lawyers of Florida, came here from Polk county, and is now a partner of that well-known and loved attorney, Granville Larimore.

GOVERNOR MITCHELL.

All Florida is proud of the name of Henry Lawrence Mitchell, who has passed to his reward, and who in life was well entitled:

"The noblest Roman of them all,"

At rest.

JUDGE A. P. BROCKWAY.

Few people, if any, in the State of Florida, can truthfully say they have never met Judge Brockway. He is the original.

He was justice of the peace during my first nine years in Tampa, and he is among the few men known in the United States who ever got over being a justice of the peace. It is said, and estimated by men who have made a careful study of the matter, that it ruins seven out of every ten men who ever become justices of the peace. But his noble soul pulled through for nine years in that capacity of serving the dear people, and he is still highly respected. We can only attribute this to his wonderful common sense, good judgment and thorough knowledge of law.

WILLIAM SHERMAN JENNINGS.

William Sherman Jennings, our late and worthy Governor of Florida, never made but one mistake in his life. He never moved to Tampa to get a fair and suitable start, or I fully believe he would have been President of the United States instead of Governor of Florida. He forgot and started from Brooksville, the home of Colonel George Martin, and the adopted home of that typical South Carolina gentleman and able lawyer, J. S. Davant.

DON C. M'MULLEN.

Don C. McMullen, a native of Hillsborough county, now reaching for the top rung of the ladder of legal fame.

Conclusion.

Now, reader, I have strictly avoided my private life, the once happy home, or the vicissitudes of a business life. In writing these little memories of the past it has saved many an hour of applying the words—

"This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things."

It has been almost a necessary diversion to me lately to think of that brighter side of life, placing me again almost personally with the noble, congenial friends who have so kindly allowed me to refer to them in our past experiences.

Wherever I have placed one in any peculiar attitude you will find me standing by his side.

GOOD NIGHT.

12087-5
16

F917.59
P374
2444

END OF

TITLE